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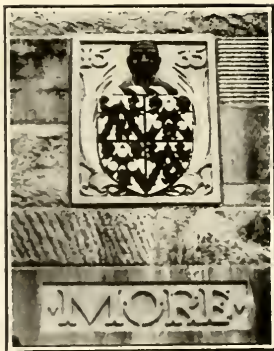
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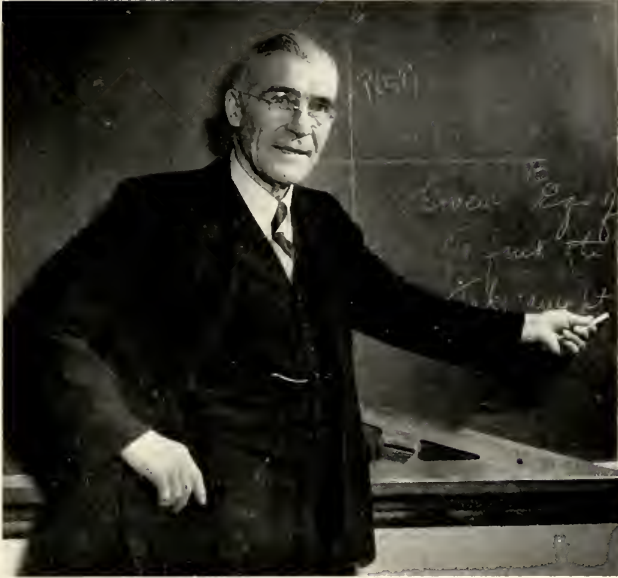
For Information Address:

THE REGISTRAR,

Teefy Hall, St. Michael's College

Toronto 5

Johanna & Parsons
1112



MR. LAWR

GC
971.302
W86WC,
1950

To

Mr. J. M. LAWR, B.A.

*in grateful recognition of his years of outstanding service
as Head of the Mathematics Department of Woodstock
Collegiate and his contribution to the success of our school
publication through the years this Oracle is dedicated.*

WOODSTOCK COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

1950



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University College, the Provincial Arts College, enrolls students in all courses leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Commerce.

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Mr. Hodgins, Mrs. Wallace, Rev. Gaynor, Mr. Bishop, Mr. Poole, Mr. Werry

Message from the Chairman of the Board of Education

The production of the Oracle takes a great deal of time and co-ordination on the part of everyone engaged in it and to all those who had a part in the publication your Board is grateful. The Oracle gives the complete picture of the activities of the school in the past year and constitutes a permanent record.

Yet the magazine would have been impossible were it not for the activities it portrays, and these activities could not have been carried on without people interested in them, either as participants or supervisors, and to all so engaged your Board is also grateful. Although a school may turn out "educated" students with only a properly balanced curriculum the addition of properly balanced supplementary activities turns out well adjusted students.

As you know the citizens of Woodstock entrust the management of their schools to persons who comprise the Board of Education.

This Board engages the teaching staff and lays down certain guiding principles regarding instruction and education, and the teaching staff is the only body which deals directly with the students. The co-operation of all three bodies is essential if the school is to function at its best and you as students must decide whether you will follow the suggestions and opportunities available to you wholeheartedly, haphazardly, or not at all. Those of you who enter fully into the life of the school get infinitely more out of it than those on the other hand, who get the least, or get nothing. At the same time a

person who tries to do everything will fail in everything. A wise selection must be made by each person for himself.

The world is made up of all types and personalities. There are certain rules for us all to follow, certain standards of conduct, speech and action. People who follow these rules lead normal, useful lives, people who do not are on the fringe of society and in some cases have to be punished.

The same is true of the school. Some students will succeed in fooling some of the people some of the time but unhappily may some day come to realize that they have really fooled only themselves.

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been!'"



MR. L. M. BALL

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10D—Lawrence Melsam	13—Bill Taylor
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The Woodstock Recreation Commission

PRESENTS

A PROGRAMME OF LEISURE-TIME ACTIVITIES FOR YOUNG AND OLD

The Woodstock Recreation Commission is composed of representatives from all the service clubs in the city and many other organizations.

It is their aim to provide as many types of recreation it is possible to have.

THIS IS YOUR COMMISSION! MAKE USE OF IT!

Your suggestions and recreational needs are important. Consult your Recreation Director or any member of the Commission at any time!

"RECREATION IS HERE TO STAY"

IN THE ARENA

APRIL 22nd — FUN PARADE OF
1950

Roy Ward Dickson's Radio Show
ROLLER SKATING
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CIRCUS—To be announced
WRESTLING
SPECIAL EVENTS

ON THE PLAYGROUNDS

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Sir Oracle:

Many changes have taken place since the last issue was published. It appears to me that one of the major events of the past year was the retirement of Mr. Lawr as head of the Mathematical Department. Mr. Lawr served this Collegiate faithfully and well for some thirty-two years. I am sure that we all join in wishing him happiness and good health throughout the years to come.

Every school year ushers in many new faces. The enrolment this term is the heaviest in the history of the school. During the month of October there were approximately 850 on the roll. Many of these come from outlying points in the country and are transported by bus to and from the city each day. The co-operation of the Suburban Board in all matters pertaining to those students is duly appreciated.

I cannot refrain from expressing our thanks to a whole host of friends who have assisted us in one way or another throughout the past school year.

As this Easter term draws to a close, we are forcibly reminded of the real reward—academic success. It is to be hoped that the best efforts will be put forth by all students and the scholastic record of our Collegiate will be well maintained.

In closing, I feel that the thanks of the school generally is due to all those who have worked so well to bring forth this edition of our school magazine.

E. P. HODGINS

Good Luck!

WOODSTOCK COLLEGIATE STUDENTS

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Blossom Tunks, Principal

Editorials - Elgin Baker

W.C.I.'s Tribute to Mr. J. M. Lawr

Almost one third of a century of service suggests a mathematical problem for which Mr. Lawr has the formula, and the result is achievement. Such a contribution is notable in length of time, and devotion to duty has ever been one of Mr. Lawr's personal maxims—he gave generously of his best.

Numerous and handsome gifts were presented to Mr. Lawr on his retirement, and we should like to include part of the Oracle Staff's presentation address in the 1950 copy of our school magazine.

"We have chosen a clock, not alone for its attractiveness and usefulness, but more for the symbolism it expresses. The dependability and precision of such an instrument brings to our minds the stress that you have persistently placed on these qualities.

"We are reminded of the words of Colton—'He that gives a portion of his time and talent to mathematical truth, will come to all other questions with a decided advantage'. This is the creed which you have linked with your profession, and which you have endeavored to convey to your students through long years of service."

"May this gift then, Mr. Lawr, not only count off many hours and years of pleasure for you, but also bring to you pleasant memories of your association with the Woodstock Collegiate Oracle."

Mr. Lawr has been actively associated with our school publication for some years. We lose a valued adviser and friend.

It is with a sense of deep regret that the W.C.I. says "Au Revoir," and it is also with a sense of deep appreciation that we record this tribute to one who is a master of his profession. It is a sincere wish of Faculty and students that happiness may light the years ahead.

Our Canadian Way of Life

How apt we are to take things for granted in a land of plenty such as Canada. J. B. Priestley's play, "The Linden Tree," (presented last autumn by Woodstock's own Little Theatre Players) etched in bold relief some facts that we as Canadians might do

well to note. Our glimpse of postwar England assured us that postwar life in Canada is not dull. We have few frustrations—instead we are blest with opportunity and luxury in comparison with people in former theatres of war.

Mr. Priestley throws us a definite challenge. Canada is a new land whose people are not war tired nor do they face futility at many turns. Our major problem is how to take timely advantage of the opportunities that await our attention, to tap our vast resources and to build a great nation on the great areas that are ours.

True, we are small in numbers, but we have a definite program. It seems but a few short months ago that we were thrust into the Atomic Age; with that evolution came new problems, new responsibilities, and, for Canadians, the realization that we are listed as a world Power and hold membership in the United Nations Organization. Mr. Priestley asserts that those peaceful Utopian days prior to world war one have passed, never to return, but with the great heritage that is ours, may we as Canadians build a way of life worthy of our tradition. To-day we are a great nation in a small universe—may we meet the challenge!

Music In Our School

Woodstock is indeed fortunate in having an annual Concert Series which gives citizens and students the privilege of hearing outstanding Artists in the music world. A little research reveals that a Concert Association and an Art Association were organized back in 1933, but it is to be regretted that only the Concert Association still flourishes. There are many items of interest in the concert history of our city, but we mention just one—afternoon recitals by the visiting Artists on concert day. These are certainly remembered by many members of the staff but only vaguely by a few of the older students; however, they were gala events. We mention but two of the Artists, Percy Grainger and Thomas L. Thomas. Happy memories of these occasions still linger, when one thousand students listened to Artists of international fame.

Music appreciation is on our educational agenda: music is taught in the classroom beginning with the primary public school grades, but music appreciation is by no means limited to classroom and studio. In recent years there has been a music-consciousness in the home which, in turn, has had its effect on community interest in better music and good concerts. It is only fair that we mention the part radio has played in creating a demand for good music but classroom instruction and participation must still form a basis for the understanding of this art.

In Peace and War, music has played an important part in the life of our school and of our city. At no time did the concert service render more aid in maintaining morale in home and community life than during the war years. Leaders in industry have discovered that production is greatly speeded when music is "piped" into the factories while the employees are at work.

Music in our school is appreciated and enjoyed by staff and students, as exemplified by the whole-hearted effort put behind our Operettas by the entire school. Our Memorial Plaques record the names of those who served and sacrificed their lives; no finer tribute to their memory could be established than the Memorial Organ in our Auditorium—They, too, loved music.

Race Discrimination

How often this subject is brought to mind, as a subject for an oral composition or debate! But how often is anything done about erasing it?

Last Fall, an under-advertised movie was shown in a local theatre. It was the story of but one of America's millions of run-of-the-mill families; just an ordinary family—mother, father, son and daughter. Father was a town doctor, and son, a graduate of the state university in music. As it said, just an ordinary family in an ordinary town in the United States.

Now, why was this picture produced—what motive was there behind it all? Well, you see, ever since the day the father joined the United States Navy as a surgeon lieutenant commander, the town's folk had viewed him and his family from a much dif-

ferent view point. It was discovered then that the Dr. Scott Carters were Negroes!

Upon graduating from medical school, young Carter was married to a negro girl, who, like himself, had nothing about her that would suggest the word, "Negro". For months after his marriage, Carter worked as a shoe builder because he could find no hospital which would allow Negro interns. Finally, as a last resort, he passed himself as a white, fully intending to change back to a Negro when he graduated as a fully qualified medical practitioner. Events, which happened later, changed Carter's plans to the extent that they decided to pass as whites for a few years longer. Their children were born and grew up, never knowing they were anything but white children. Then, the fateful day arrived when Doctor Carter joined the navy and it was made public that he had belonged to a Negro fraternity. He was immediately asked to resign, as only white officers were allowed in the United States Navy. Many tears were shed and much grief endured before Scott Carter decided to take his family back to the town and live proudly as Negroes. Owing to some very apt and democratic views expressed by the clergyman in their church, the rabidly anti-Negro ideas of the towns folk were changed and the Carter's were accepted as equals.

Couldn't this happen more often? Couldn't the one-tenth of the American population which is Negro, as well as all other races, be accepted as equals. Let us hope, that in this age when man is trying to broaden his knowledge of science and other physical matters, that he will also broaden his outlook, and accept all men as his friends, and, above all, his equals.

Editorial Notes

A word of welcome to the two new additions to the feminine side of the faculty—Mrs. Sasha Valliant who comes to us from Delhi to teach Girls' Physical Education—Miss Doris Jackson who has recently graduated from the Ontario College of Education and who teaches Home Economics.

Here's something to think about—The middle school has been heard to say that a Spring Prom (Formal Dance) held in May (?) would give the school a great lift. Sounds good, eh? Let's talk it up.

The older students are experienced enough not to worry very much when past laws in math., etc., are drastically changed or outrightly denied, but our younger brothers and sisters in Grade 9 have a question concerning curling which is constantly coming to their attention.—"Just how many 'last' announcements can be made per week."

Toronto Subway Officials have been informed by our school traffic officer (guess who) that operations should start immediately for a W.C.I. Tooner Ville Trolley Underground Subway Service (T.V.T.U.S.S.) to relieve congestion in central halls of first and second floors of our school.

Is there anyone who hasn't seen the piano (?) in the gym. It's about time we had one that at least had workable pedals on it, n'est-ce pas? Maybe then, the orchestras that play for our dances would not have to hire a new pianist after each time they play here.

Special mention should be made of our advertising staff. Their job is a tough one but they tackled it admirably this year.

The Advertising and Photography staffs, respectively have done a fine job of financing the book and brightening the pages.

It seems, to the older students who have just about been through the mill as far as collegiate is concerned, that newcomers to the school get smaller every year. Maybe this is natural, but—what we would like to know is—Why are the students of the middle and upper school, especially 12C, called 'two year olds' by a certain language teacher? Savez-vous?

Old houses are sometimes dilapidated, old cars are sometimes dilapidated, but it sure is a sorry state of affairs when a leading school figure openly states that Grade 13 is the most dilapidated form in the school. We feel that it is a gross overstatement (but naturally we will do our best to fulfill that position.)

Until recently only Grade 9 classes were registered in school art classes. Could anyone tell us how a Grade 13 card was found on the Art Room Bulletin Board?

What has that junior girls' basketball team? Whatever it is, it certainly increases attendance at the girls' games.

The Oracle staff wishes to extend a hearty thank-you to everyone who has helped to make our school magazine a big success this year.

In Appreciation!

The success of any publication such as this is dependent to a great degree on its photography. This year we owe much of our good photography to Walt and Frank.

"Walt" Lidston is a free lance photographer well known to this district.

Frank Tabor is one of our own Grade 13 students.

To both of these we say "Thanks".

Welcome

The 1950 Oracle wishes to welcome Mr. Van Sickle to the teaching staff. An Honour Graduate in Mathematics and Physics at the University of Toronto, we feel that he comes to us well equipped to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Lawr.



MR. O. K. VAN SICKLE



1



4



5



2



3

Scholarships

1

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I.O.D.E.—\$50.00

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6



7



8

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10
JUNE BRAGG

Provincial—\$100.00



9



10

Nineteen



VALEDICTORIAN
HUGH MCGILlicuddy

Valedictory Address

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Hodgins, ladies and gentlemen:

To-night the cycle is complete. To-night it is good-bye to the marble halls of the Woodstock Collegiate for the graduating class of '49.

Last June while still dazed from examination efforts we emphatically said that we hoped never again to see the somber halls of our collegiate. Now we wonder, think of the enjoyment of meeting your classmates on September the fifth; remember how curious we were to see if a summer's sun could possibly bronze those pale, gaunt faces of our teaching staff. But these are now memories, gay memories of the best

five years of our lives.—Yes, to-night the cycle is complete.

Every valedictorian must, by needs, have a theme; he is apparently not allowed to merely avail himself of this glorious opportunity to make his former teacher appear to be of a sadistic nature. The valedictorian in question is merely intended as a tool to glorify the teacher, make school appear as a dream and so buoy up the typical grade nine student that the next five years will seem to him like a loafer's paradise. What did Churchill say?—"Blood, sweat, toil and tears," and these famous words can be very realistically applied to collegiate studies. In collegiate it is up to you; you either work or you fail; these are the alternatives, I will leave it to you to chose the most pleasant. Thanks, however, to the set-up of modern society, this gory part of school life; namely, work, is sufficiently balanced by many attractions, rugby games, dances, basketball plus a list of "study killers" as long as your arm!

I do believe that sports play practically as important a part in the curriculum of our school as the academic studies themselves. It is on the sportsfield that the student learns to play the game of life, for the co-operation so necessary in collegiate sports is the core of our society.

Though our rousing "Kininy" yell remains transfixed in my mind there is another image which is also firmly emblazoned in my remembrances. This image is of the upheld, flaming torch in the W.C.I. school crest. This torch to me has always seemed symbolic of the true nature of the Woodstock Collegiate for in this torch we see a challenge, the challenge to succeed in school and in later life.

I do not intend to preach a long sermon to-night on the blessings of being a perfect scholar, for I have indeed heard a great many of the same during my last five school years. I would simply like to say that there is no better backing in life than that which the W.C.I. gives its students.

Therefore, to the present students of the Woodstock Collegiate Institute, on behalf of the graduating class of 1949, I pass the torch of our collegiate; be it yours to hold it high.

1950 Graduates

Grade 13

ELWOOD ALLARDYCE

ELGIN BAKER

ROY BEATTY



JUNE BRAGG

LAURIE BRANCH

BRUCE BRIGHAM



BARBARA BROOKS

KEN CLYNICK

JOHN COOK



JACK CORBETT

DON COWELL

BRUCE CUNNINGHAM



DAVE DEWAN

JIM DOUGLAS

JIM FACEY





BOB GEOGHEGAN

MARY JANE GROTHIER

DOUG HANCOCK



CATHERINE HOLDSWORTH

PETER JULIAN

MARION KING



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JOANNE MILBURN

JAY MILLER

BOB MOORE



IVAN PALMER

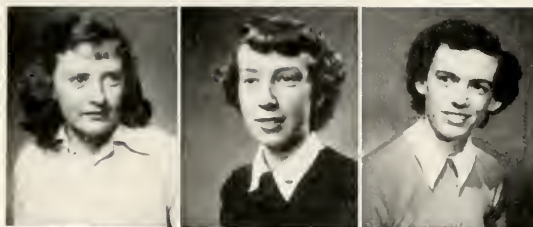
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ALLAN SCOTT

MARY ROBERTS

GRACE RITCHIE

ELIZABETH ROWE



ROBERT ROWE

RUTH SALES

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MADELAINE BIN

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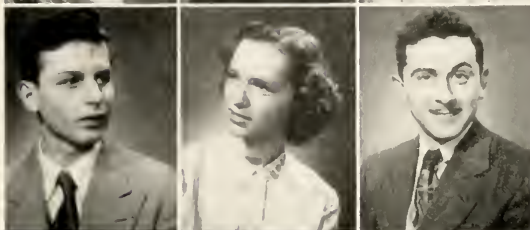




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ANNA CLAYTON

COLLEEN COLVIN



BYRNES FLEUTY

BARBARA GANDY

SHERMAN GEE



JAMES GORDON

RONALD HAMPTON

BOB INGLE

ELEANORE JACKSON

MARJO JOHNSTON

KEN KEASEY



ROSABELL McAVOY

BETTY McGRATH

MARY McGRATH



DOROTHY NETTLETON

RUSSELL PIPER

JOYCE ROSS



MARION SCOTT

JOYCE SNAREY

GEORGE STEVENSON (13)



JEAN SUTHERLAND

DIANE THOMSON

MARY WELLS



Literary -

1st PRIZE ESSAY

UNICEF

Ours is a good land. So it was in the eyes of Champlain as he gazed upon its natural beauty. He saw also opportunity. His, and succeeding generations grasped that opportunity, and out of their toil and hardship came a bright new nation, full of life and hope.

Ours is a good land. No war within our borders. True, we have lost much through war. Sacrifice kept aloft and burning the torch of Freedom. But we have not lived in darkness because of death dealing bombs; we have never seen cities destroyed overnight; the words concentration camp brings to us no soul-shrivelling fear or memory. We have not seen little children become the innocent victims of ruthless warfare. Dead? Yes thousands—their pain is past! But what of the others—blinded, maimed, bodies distorted by disease and malnutrition, homeless or orphaned by war? What of these?

Ours is a good land. It is not only our duty to share our good things with these unfortunate children of other lands, it is also our privilege.

It has been well said, "A man never stands so straight as when he stoops to help a needy child."

The name is Unicef.

Dorothy Rowe, 9G

Science In the Home

Science is fast becoming the housewife's best friend. Through modern invention and through wartime developments, the modern home will soon become a push-button heaven.

First, we shall look in upon the developments up to this date, and then I shall try to unroll the future for you.

Let us enter the Canuck home, a typical one, of modern design and thought. There is the Kitchen, gleaming in the white and silver of clean porcelain and burnished chromium.

Ah, we are in luck, for Mrs. Canuck is about to prepare a tasty chicken dinner for

her hard working husband (a barber) 'who must have at least three "squares" a day. Wait,—look at the clock; she can never prepare such a dinner in a half an hour! However, she approaches the stove, pops the chicken into the oven, flicks a switch, and begins setting the table. A red light flashes, and the chicken slides from the oven—done to a turn. Radar is the miracle, time—45 seconds!

This time we see Mrs. Canuck reposing in a soft chair while the dishes are washed and racked automatically. The floor is littered. Looking about with a devil-may-care attitude she suddenly stabs a little red button with her big toe.—A panel slides back, and 'Oscar the Little Wonder,' shuffles out, methodically vacuuming the floor, guided past obstacles by radar. Press the button again and he scurries back into his hole, the little door closing behind him.

Would you like to wake up to soft music after a warm night's sleep? Just set that little dial on the built-in radio, push the blue button and hop in. At the pre-determined hour shivers run up and down your spine—the radio is blaring 'Mule Train' (played backwards) and you are almost frozen. Explanation:—when the radio starts, your electric blanket shuts off (you're supposed to awake instantly.) But, never mind, just swing the icicle on the end of your nose around and press the green button. What ho! The windows close, registers open and in five minutes you can jump out of bed into a warm room and don your pre-heated slippers. These slippers are unique in that they are not only heated but they also have built in headlights in case you like wandering in the dark.

Looking ahead I can see such things as the assembly-line dinner. Mother puts dishes of food on a moving belt (in the kitchen), while outside ranged along the sides of a narrow table (with belt moving down the centre) is the family who load up with each type of food as it passes.

Also, the elevator would be a practical thing for basement to first floor service—(eliminates needless trips).

An automatic machine to 'burp' the triplets would be an invaluable aid to the busy mother.

Have you ever thought of how useful a motor-driven shoeshine box would be? Just put in your foot, press the yellow button, and presto—either a perfect shine or a perfect amputation.

We will (of course) mix our cakes, and pie doughs with sound; discipline our homes with a robot strapping device; and ride to work in an amphibious auto-plane.

This short description has only scratched the surface of what tomorrow holds for you and for everyone,—so read it and dream!

Glenn Pauli, 12A

On Trial

Joe lay uneasily in his one-time comfortable bed. He tossed from side to side as though he was in the middle of a nest of ants, and through his excited mind ran the unforgettable insistent words "What will they do to me?" "What will they do to me?" He kept pleading with himself that he wasn't guilty; but how could he convince the keen watchful judges, who sat like serpents waiting for their opponents to make a false move. As he thought more of the case, cold sweat poured from his forehead in streams of hastening water. He wanted to sleep; he was tired. But no, those unforgettable insistent words, "What will they do to me?" kept unceasingly ringing out.

Time dragged very tediously on and those insistent unforgettable words were driving him mad. But then, the long awaited chance to prove his innocence came. As his copper-faced, rugged guards led him into the gigantic brisk courtroom, he saw faces which at one time pleaded sympathetically with him, but now they gazed upon him as an outcast.

He was asked to plead. As he stood on the stand his feet gave out, like those of an infant learning to walk, and he uneasily replied, "Not guilty!" Witnesses were called to the stand; one by one they released costly evidence which put fearful Joe into hotter, deeper water. The jury with their wanton minds satisfied, then assembled to give the long awaited verdict. Joe was left in a trance; he could not listen to the verdict; he only conquered the unforgettable insistent words by "Not guilty!" But all the evidence was against him.

The verdict was then given; up stood a bold young rascal and member of the Muscrats and proclaimed, "We find Joe not guilty of missing our last meeting."

J. Kapusta 12B

Investigators

Ambling through the empty corridor was a strange, mysterious-looking fellow. Was he a spy sent out from behind the Iron Curtain to disrupt our educational system or our social enterprises? His eyes were quivering from suspense as he looked cautiously into every window, opened every door to make his reconnoitring complete. Slowly, stealthily, this grim character inched his way up the marbled hall. Soon he was met by fellow accomplices. A steady hum was heard as they discussed their plans. The crowd slowly shuffled on to their destination.

All at once two husky individuals appeared on the scene; their plans were thwarted but not squelched. They quickly dispersed down the hall, each his own way. The prowlers then met at a predestined place. The gang counselled among themselves how they would enter the room to delve into their secret work. Then, heavy tramping of feet was heard resounding through the building as this band of faithful confederates marched boldly but confidently into the room. They slid into the seats at the rear of the well-lighted auditorium. There was a sigh of satisfaction as this band sat together. After receiving their last minute instructions, they dispersed in rapid succession.

To-morrow morning these grade nine students will enter the halls of learning more readily and easily, their sojourn with intellectual thoughts begun!

Allan Boswell, 12A

FIRST PRIZE STORY

Justice

The priest's last words fell on his ears, but he didn't hear as they echoed emptily through the cell corridor. Seconds later the cell door opened to admit two blue-jacketed guards. The prisoner arose and followed them down a dim and windowless passage to the death chamber. It was too late to pro-

test. Ten minutes later he was dead and the case of Hugo Marx was closed.

In life Hugo Marx was a rather tall and slender man with slightly stooped shoulders. His face was lined and his blue eyes had a rather melancholy cast to them. He had cultivated a small moustache, which was one of the few things he meticulously groomed. His hair was greyed around the temples and badly in need of a haircut.

Hugo Marx was born on the German French border town of Chamoix of German parentage. His father had been a musician of no small means; but like most of his class in those days his means were small. He only managed to eke out a meagre living with his talents. Hugo's mother had been a rather large and plump fraulein with round figure and twinkling blue eyes. Hugo remembered her just that way the day that her little Hugo left their thatched house and garden of a thousand colours for the war under their glorious Kaiser Wilhelm. "She stood there and waved goodbye to me. I can still see her there in a blue smock and white apron against the red brick wall," he used to tell his friends.

Hugo Marx was taken prisoner of war and in the ensuing years obtained his freedom and came to America. He was hired by a toy factory and worked there until the afternoon of that fateful day.

He had gone to book passage, one way, to his home in Germany. He was walking down Forty-third Street picturing the old cottage as he knew it would be. The streets were deserted but he thought nothing of it; the only thing occupying his mind was that he was going home at last.

"Ach! I am going home at last to see the folks. It has been such a long time. I can still picture the red house as if it was yesterday. The yellow straw that the sparrows chirped in on the roof and that smoky old chimney. That sooty old chimney! I wonder if the flower garden is the same and the walk down to the river where Jenny and I used to go. I wonder where—Oh, that man has been hurt—here's something on the street—a gun—it's heavy!"

"Drop that gun, buddy!"

"Gun? gun, whose gun, what—"

"Drop that gun!"

"Gun! Oh this! Here, officer, I picked it up on the sidewalk."

"That is what they all say, buddy! Come on, into the wagon with you!"

"But, officer, I didn't—you know very well—my trip—I'm already to leave—but, officer, I didn't."

"Into that wagon, buddy. We don't play with murderers!"

"Murderers!!"

Douglas Hancock, 13

The Watcher

Everytime that I have just comfortably seated myself in room 211, I feel the presence of a dark mysterious man (who really does need a shave) spying me out of the corner of his eyes. It seems to me he watches no one else in the room just because I sit in the back seat of the second row.

Oddly enough he has never spoken to me yet, although I have expected it by the look he is always giving me. One day I almost threw a book at him because he had tormented me so much.

This is the effect that I get from the picture of William Shakespeare sitting on his lofty perch on the side wall of 211.

Grant Thompson, 11C

My Locker

You'll find a card of bobby-pins,
A toothless comb, a nail file thin,
A wallet that is old and grey,
A lip-stick that has had its day,
A scarf, a tie, a kerchief too,
A rubber and perhaps a shoe.
A Christmas list for Mom and Pop,
A shopping memo I forgot,
A letter that is two years old,
A fancy brooch that looks like gold.
A postage stamp without the glue,
A stick of gum, a candy too.
These things you'll find, and if you look
You'll discover—perhaps—a Book!

Judy Bain, 12C

Saved

The traveller stands on the brink of the hill;
Tired, hungry, and ready to drop,
But lo, in the valley! a whiff of smoke
Urging him on to that habited spot.

Soft snow covers rough rolling ground,
He staggers, leans, and falls.
There he lies, 'till by benignant fate
He is found by the cottager's hound.

Waking next morn, he gazes around
A small room, not much at all.
But Death's without, and he's within
And he thanks the God who saved him.

Bob Moore, 13

FIRST PRIZE POEM

Spring

The spring is full of blossoms,
Of buds and early shoots;
The spring is full of whispers,
Of newly fashioned suits.
The spring is full of sunshine,
And little sprinkling showers;
The spring is full of colours,
And May-time springing flowers.
The spring is full of choruses,
Of little chirping birds;
The spring is full of rudiments,
And full of jolly words.
The spring is full of gaiety,
And of old things born anew;
The spring is full of laughter,
Of joy and gladness too.

June Bragg, 13

Out of the Mouths of Babes

"Tom?"

"Yes, Ray,"—absently I go on reading
the paper.

"Tom?"

"Yes, Ray". This time I look up and
pull my mind away from the paper. My
six year old brother has a way of repeating
the word until my attention is fully attracted.

"Tom what is a parade?"

I explain to him that a lot of people
walk down the street with flags and posters
and that crowds line the sidewalks and
watch the people in the parade.

Ray lies spread-eagle on the floor and
thoughtfully stares at the comics. I read
the paper 'Albert Einstein Published New
Theory of Gravitation'—After 30 years of
figuring and studying, Albert Einstein, the
eminent mathematician, has finally released

"Tom?"

—a new gravitational theory. "Yes,
Ray."

"Tom when is a parade coming here?"

"I don't know, Ray."

"You don't, Tom?" A shocked expres-
sion, then a horrified silence.

Ray thinks I know everything. He stares
thoughtfully. I continue reading. 'Only 15
years ago Einstein gave to the world the
astounding "Theory of Relativity." Now he
has—'

"Tom?"

"Yes, Ray."

"Tom, do you like being in a parade?"

"Certainly, Ray, everybody likes being
in a parade."

"I wouldn't like being in a parade, Tom.
Strange people staring at me would make
me feel 'squirmy'."

Ray is a shy, thoughtful, serious little
fellow and what he says fits him exactly.

"Why should I feel 'squirmy', Tom?"

"I don't know, Ray."

Another horrified silence. I realize that
my brother is going to think I am pretty
stupid and I resort to another method. "Well,
Ray," I say, "God sees you all the time
and that doesn't make you 'squirmy,' does
it Ray?"

A short silence.

"No, Tom, but God isn't strange people."

Something about this reasoning hits me
between the eyes and I put down the paper
and think it over. Suddenly the greatness
of the statement amazes me and I sincerely
wish I had said it. In fact I wish I could
have said it or anything that would approach
it.

In my mind I place it up in the head-
lines of the paper with Albert Einstein. It
looks natural there.

'God isn't strange people, Hmmm.'"

"Tom."

'Out of the mouths of babes. Hmmm.'"

"Yes, Ray,"—absently.

Ray stares thoughtfully at the comics.

Dave Dewan, 13

Sweet Dreams

Don was riding along in his atomic
run car on a back road on the moon when
he saw ahead of him a rickety old shack
standing out against the horizon. This being
a very unusual sight, he glided to a stop
in front of it. Glancing around the hovel-
like place, he noticed that there were no
windows in it, but there was a sign on the

door which read, "Look at the earth this moonlit night."

Hesitatingly Don rapped on the door—he hardly knew whether to go in or not, but he wanted to see this queer "earth". A thin old man with a long white beard and ragged white hair pulled open the door which made a shrill squeaking sound. Then he cupped his hands in front of him. When Don, not knowing exactly what he wanted, gave him a five dollar bill, the old man's eyes, set like coals among the wrinkles of his face, seemed to take on a new glow.

Without a word, he slowly lifted his right hand and beckoned with his talon-like fingers for Don to enter. The old man led him to a stool and Don sat down in front of a telescope.

The night being clear, Don could see the earth in all her autumn glory. There were the lovers in the park. There were the rippling streams and frothing waterfalls beside which stood the trees painted in yellow and crimson. The more he watched, the more he longed to be there. After some time, he rose from the stool and hurried out of the shack. He had five minutes to get to the space-ship station one-hundred miles away. He spread the wings on the side of the car, and went overland reaching the station in ample time.

As the ship was gliding toward earth, it crashed against an ascending ship. Don could feel himself falling, falling through space. It seemed as if he was never going to land. Suddenly he jumped when he heard his teacher shout, "It is ten after four, and your bus is pulling out!"

Wilma Scott, 12A

Sixteen

Charlotte was sweet sixteen,—an age at which through starry eyes, the world is a wonderland, shining and bright.

Things were especially rosy this mild, June evening, as Charlotte King sat before her mirror, getting ready for her "date". In just ten minutes, Dave Kennedy would drive his shiny blue convertible up to the door. She'd wait until she counted ten after the door-bell rang. Then, she floated down the stairs in her velvet dinner gown to find Dave chatting with her father, in the drawing room.

Dave was tall, handsome and twenty-four. A former high-school rugby star, he was the idol of the boys and was classed "dream-dust" by the girls of her crowd. Any one of the beautiful girls would have welcomed the chance to be his companion, but

Dave had chosen Charlotte for this evening.

The door-bell sounded, interrupting her day-dreaming. She reached for her mother's white wool coat and slipped it over her shoulders. Mother hadn't thought it necessary that Charlotte borrow the coat for tonight but finally consented. Charlotte's one dream was to impress the good-looking Dave Kennedy. Fixing a smile on her lips, she walked down the stairs and in her softest voice said "hello" to the dark man waiting in the hall.

"We won't be late, Mrs. King," Dave called over his shoulder as they walked to the low blue car waiting at the curb.

Stopping at a low stone house in the outskirts of town and taking her arm, Dave helped Charlotte out of the car and up the walk to where a pretty faced woman waited in the lighted doorway.

"Hello, Mrs. Kennedy," murmured Charlotte.

"I'm so glad you could come, Char," smiled the woman. "There are sandwiches and cokes in the ice-box. I put the baby to bed while Dave was picking you up. I left the radio on for you. 'Bye! We won't be late."

Dreamy-eyed, Charlotte watched the young couple drive off in the low convertible. From the room behind her came the strains of the currently popular—"I can dream can't I?"

Mary Roberts, 13

Home

I probably don't think proudly of my home. It's just taken for granted. It's there—it's comfortable; it's just home.

But once stricken with a terrible attack of homesickness, I realize how much it really means to me.

Home is lolling on the living-room floor and reading the funnies. It's my best friend coming over to spend the night and do homework and try out new hair styles.

Home is the first picture I painted which still hangs in mother's room. It's Dad valiantly swallowing down my first chocolate cake and exclaiming, "It's delicious".

Home is the many small articles I collect through the years, useless but precious. It's where my first formal is tried on and where I wait in a dither for my date to come with my first corsage.

Home is where I fall over skates and hockey sticks, bats and balls which my brother keeps in circulation.

It's knock-down and drag-out fights, conciliations, love, tears, and laughter.

Home! Well, when I come to think of it, home is many things and all very wonderful at that.

Ruth Appleton, 11C

Destiny

If it were only possible
To view the coming years,
I wonder, would we welcome them
With happiness or tears?
Do we really want to know
Each laugh or sigh that lies ahead,
Or with this knowledge would our days
Be filled with fear and dread?
Would coming trials their shadows cast
To haunt us night and day
And occupy our thoughts with horror
While at work or play?
Although we often breathe the sigh
"I wish I could foresee,"
I believe we're much the happier
Just the way we be.

Joanne Passmore, 12A

Sonnet

To-day we of the Christian faith must heed
The far-flung cry of fellow men in pain.
Subdued by the tragic communistic deeds,
These stagger quickly under the load and strain.

The dark o'er shadowing hand of death is near.
And from the loved one's hearts must ever flow,
The true emotion, silenced now by fear,
To weep again should they overpower the foe.

Is this the future of children in years to come,
That they must live in fear both day and night?

No! I know, this call will stir in some
A realization of the wrong to right.

So let us, quickly, to arms! to-day, my friend!
And help to bring their sorrows to an end.
J. Facey, 13

Drama

The clock ticked steadily and monotonously on its lonely way, its hollow voice echoing through the room in which silence reigned supreme. The air seemed charged with an almost imperceptible current of tension, the room waiting for something half fearfully.

Outside the wind howled with a fiendish glee, trees groaned and swayed and rain drummed a weird rhythm on the roof as it bounced and slid off. Still from the huge room came no sound and the silence

became oppressive. The floor creaked and a suppressed sigh followed as if from someone weary and beaten, but nothing happened.

Foot steps sounded in the outer hall, approached the room, paused, and someone chuckled wickedly, as if listening. Then the unknown personage turned and continued on, their steps echoing through the long corridor, ringing and yet eerie. Still from within the room came only a groan and the sound of the clock.

Suddenly, startlingly, the silence was shattered into fragments by a cry of victory! The oppressiveness disappeared, relief surged through the room! There was movement as if things and people were once again coming to life. The sighing and groaning ceased and peace reigned in the room, once again alive!

Algebra question number 22 page 104 had been battled, conquered, and solved!

Yvonne Potter, 11A

Doubt

The girl walked dejectedly down the dark gloomy school corridor, the old floor creaking with each hesitant step. She looked guilty, with her eyes downcast, avoiding the glances of everyone she passed.

Her thoughts dwelt upon one thing—what would her friends think of her now? Would they think she was terrible after what she had done? They had not heard yet, but she knew that they soon would, and she could not keep it from them. But would she be able to face them? She pictured herself facing a roomful of staring eyes and shuddered. Perhaps they would laugh and snicker at her when she walked past. Oh, why had she done it? But it was too late. What was done was done. Only time would soften the effects of her deed. She would have to face them in the meantime, and very soon for she was there, but could she open the door and face them? Her lips set in grim determination. She clutched the knob and slowly turned it, her heart pounding.

Suddenly, the girl she dreaded the most looked up, "Why look, girls! Look at what Nan has done!"

"Isn't that cute," cried some others.

"I'm going to have my hair cut just that way," said another.

The frown on Nan's shy worried face broke into a wreath of smiles. "Thanks, girls," she said, and life looked livable again.

Jean Mansell, 12C

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*So You're in
Grade 9*



Grade 9 Literary

Silent Appreciation

Rex gazed blankly into the room as he entered. "Get to the barn with you," shouted Mr. Gump staggering toward him.

The dog cringed at the sound of the loud voice, turned and walked slowly out the door with eyes cast downward. Rex settled in the shade by the milkstand, but was suddenly interrupted by a sharp noise; he felt a terrific shock through his body; he yelped with pain, and then whimpered like a baby. Looking down he saw blood trickling from his paw. He awkwardly arose and hobbled to the woods to look for some cool water in which to bathe his wound.

He put his paw in the stream and did not hear a lad running toward him, but felt himself being gently lifted from the ground. The next thing Rex knew he was in a room with beautiful drapes and the softest of rugs underneath him.

What was he doing here? Then he remembered his paw. That was it! Mr. Gump had shot him. The whole situation came back to his mind.

Suddenly he heard voices in the next room.

"Ken, your collie's up," smiled Mr. Martin.

Ken tore into the room with joy and amazement. There sat Rex looking rather annoyed at the clumsy bandage on his paw, which always seemed to get in his way.

"Would you like to stay with us for a while, Old Boy?" asked a voice behind him.

Rex understood those sweet words. He was not at all pretty at this moment; he was thin and shaggy with a badly matted tail. Rex would change in this home though, for at that very moment Ken picked him up and put him in a tub of warm sudsy water. How his coat shone and glistened in the sun after he had been dried and brushed!

"Do you know Ken, it would be a swell idea to call that young collie of yours Sparkles."

"Dad! that's great!"

Days rolled past short and sweet for Rex and soon the snow began to fall.

Sparkles," sighed Ken one Saturday afternoon. "We're leaving for Florida Monday; you won't be able to come with us, but

we'll be back next month. In the meantime you will be staying with Bill and Janet next door."

For a while it looked as if Rex was settling into his new home, but as the days passed he became more and more lonesome.

"I'm afraid we'll have to leave you now, for Ken.

Not knowing where the Martins had gone he set out one cold, frosty morning in hope of finding them.

He travelled many miles out into the country, over slippery roads, and through thick woods. Rex became very cold, tired and hungry. Finally as night fell he was so stiff and sore that he could hardly walk and looked for shelter.

Rex thumped his tail against the door of a farmhouse and collapsed from exhaustion. His knock was answered by an elderly woman shabbily dressed with an old shawl around her shoulders. She stared helplessly at the dog, and then dragged him in by the fur. She picked up the receiver and phoned the veterinary.

"The dog is in serious condition, Mrs. Grey. All you can do for him is to keep him wrapped up and try to make him drink a little warm milk."

During the next few weeks Mrs. Grey nursed Rex back to health and he became a real pal to the family. He loved Baby Jeff and would sleep on the floor beside the cradle watching his every move with interest.

One afternoon while the baby was sleeping and Mrs. Grey was finishing the week's ironing, she heard a crying voice outside the back door.

"Mrs. Grey," wept a small boy, "Mommy fell kerplunk on the ice, hurt herself and can't get up."

At this bad news Mrs. Grey jumped up from the ironing board, threw a coat over her shoulders, looked at the baby who was still sound asleep and told Rex to look after him, to await her return.

Rex closely guarded the cradle, but was suddenly alarmed by the smell of smoke. He sniffed the air, then went to investigate. At the door of the kitchen he saw flames springing from the ironing board.

What would Rex do? The fire was spreading quickly and the kitchen was filling with smoke. He ran wildly through the house, looking for a place to get out. Ah! He remembered, the window in the dining room was cracked. He sprang through the window with full force and the glass fell to the ground. He sprang back into the house, leaped on the cradle and firmly grabbed the baby by its clothing between his teeth.

Rex could feel his heart pounding inside as he felt the heat from the flames. The baby was heavy but he managed to climb into a chair and out the broken window to safety, just as the flames were crawling near him.

Newspaper photographers took pictures showing that the house had been burned to the ground. Also in the paper was a large picture of Rex rescuing the child.

Ken recognized this picture immediately as his dog, and went to find him. When Ken walked into the house where the Greys were staying, Rex heard his voice and came dashing up stairs covered with cuts and scratches. He placed both paws up on Ken's shoulders and licked his face.

Marilyn Jones, 9E

A School Day

I wake, shall I say,
At half-past eight;
I rush to and fro
That I won't be late.
With a push and a word
From a helping hand,
I hurry and scurry
As fast as I can.
When I am finally ready,
I gesture good-bye;
Then I call for a friend
And the two of us fly.
But before getting far
We return for our books;
They do not receive
Our much needed care.
Since assigned by our teacher
"For inspection to-day"
We'll just have to go,
But don't worry—we'll pay
When our work is completed!
For that day at least
We relax with a soda

Or some other treat.
And when it's late
And we go to bed,
Do we drift into dreamland
Like two sleepy heads?
Or do we rest quietly
And recall the way
We learned, had fun,
And worked thru the day?

Barbara Brown, 9D

Books Are Like Magic Carpets

Books are a pleasant pastime that many of us enjoy. When I read a book and I am interested, it seems I am floating away to the time and place where the story occurs. I feel that I am right there to witness the whole thing. Some people actually feel they are in the action, endure the pains, enjoy the excitement, cheer when the hero cheers, and cry when the mistreated is hurt. A book, then, represents a magic carpet that takes me through many adventures, and after it is over, I am safe and sound in my own home.

Frances Ion, 9B



GRADE 9 ORACLE STAFF

Winston Pearce, 9B; Bob Berlette, 9B;
Olin Tucker, 9G.



GRADE NINE FIELD DAY CHAMPS
Olin Tucker, John Anderson, Jim Nicholas



JUNIOR GIRLS' FIELD DAY CHAMP.
B. Stort, 9D



9E GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL CHAMPIONS

Back Row: R. Bender, J. Burgess, P. Hall, B. Ritchie,
J. Passmore, P. Tincknell.

Front Row: H. Douglas, M. Elbie, L. Reed, M. Pike,
B. Thrower.

With Ball: B. Parsons.



9D BOYS' VOLLEYBALL CHAMPIONS

Back Row: B. Knack, M. Kempert, D. West, B. Roy,
T. Oleksiuk.

Front Row: B. Steel, J. Trowhill, M. Shantz,
P. Boxter.

Kneeling: B. Pow.





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SHORTS — BRAS — SKIRTS — SLACKS and JACKETS



You'll Love Them, and So Inexpensive



LITERARY EXECUTIVE

Left to Right, Back Row: Mary Roberts, G. Stevenson, Mr. G. H. Boiley, J. Douglas, M. Bin.
Seated: M. Johnston, R. Moore, B. Johnston.

Activities

Literary Society

This year the Executive for the Literary Society was chosen with Bob Moore as President; Roy Stevenson, Jim Douglas, John Kapusta as 1st, 2nd and 3rd Vice-Presidents; Marjo Johnston as Treasurer; Barbara Johnston as Secretary.

The first meeting consisted of introducing the presidents of the various school organizations, a sing song, and an enjoyable film, "Huck Finn".

The next meeting held on February 10th, featured a play, "The Royal Touch", directed by Miss H. Dunlop. The able cast included:

Princess Nata—Marilyn Shantz
 Ivan—Glen Russell
 Serena—Grace Thornton
 Maria—Marion Robertson
 Joseph—Allan Betts
 Nicolo—Jim Latford

Also in the programme was a "News Report" and musical selections on piano and organ by Mr. Lett.

The students have not seen their last meeting by any means. Already in production are plans for such items as a radio programme featuring our versatile president Bob Moore as announcer.



STUDENT EXECUTIVE

Left to Right, Back Row: B. Fleuty, M. Murtha, D. Hancock, J. Martin, E. Clark, G. Ritchie, R. Moore, L. Culbert.

Seated: J. Bain, Mr. L. Cordick, Miss E. McCorquodale, E. Wladyka, Mr. S. Blair, Mrs. I. Johnson, B. Johnston.

To end a busy year the Society is planning an Amateur Day combined with Highlights of the Year.

Whatever the future holds in store, the aim will continue to be for humour, variety and literary achievement.

Student Executive

The Student Executive met early in November for their re-organization meeting, and presented the following slate of officers for the 1949-50 term.

President: Ed Wladyka

Vice-President: Barbara Johnston

Secretary: Judy Bain

Treasurer: Mr. S. Blair

Activities for the year include the dance held after Commencement, The New Years' Dance, which is always a popular event, is under the leadership of the Board of Education. The students appreciate the interest of the Board in making this dance possible.

The Annual "At Home" on February 17 is in charge of the Student Executive.



RECEIVING AT THE NEW YEAR'S DANCE

Mr. E. J. Pow, Mrs. E. P. Hodgins, Mrs. E. P. Hodgins, Nancy Fleischer, Dan Gaynor.

The New Years

As in other years we had all waited with great eagerness for the New Year's Dance, and now it was upon us. As in the past it was a bigger and better success than ever. Although it was held a complete day before New Years, this failed to dampen the enthusiasm for the dance.

The decorating committee, led by Doug Hancock, created a new world out of the school's gymnasium. Over each end, there hung a false ceiling of deep blue, reaching out to the centre where a huge Christmas tree resplendent in bulbs and tinsel towered upward. Balloons hung from the ceiling, and were dropped at Midnight when all bedlam broke loose. Everyone was decked out in high hats, and with tooting horns wished one and all a very happy New Year.

At the far end of the gym, on a gaily-decorated bandstand sat Tim Eaton of Brantford and his orchestra. At the door, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Pow and Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Hodgins formed the receiving line. Mr. Pow and his wife started a snowball dance, and Diane Thompson and Bob Geoghegan won the Elimination Dance.

To the Board of Education, and to all those who made the New Year's Dance the huge success that it was, we say "Thanks".

Formal

The "Arabian Nights" were effectively portrayed by palm trees, magic carpets and sultry harem girls for our Annual At Home on February 17. Douglas Hancock, assisted by Devona Paquette, Barbara Johnston and Margaret Murtha were responsible for this beautiful transformation.



I.S.C.F.

Back Row: A. Clayton, S. Brooks, R. Watts, M. Wells, E. Rowe.

Seated: Mr. Froud, J. Bragg, B. Clayton, R. McAvoy, C. Showers.

Soft strains of music from Bob Yohn's orchestra lent the proper atmosphere with desert melodies. A lucky spot dance of the evening was won by Bruce Cunningham and Barbara Bates.

Delicious refreshments made under Miss M. Bradley's supervision, were served by members of the Students Executive during intermission.

Owing to an arm injury, Mr. and Mrs. E. Ferguson acted on the receiving line for Principal and Mrs. Hodgins. Also welcoming the guests were Mr. and Mrs. L. Ball and Judy Bain and Edward Wladyka.

Many guests and students attended this very successful affair.

I.S.C.F.

Every Wednesday at 12.30 noon the Inter-School Christian Fellowship meets in the auditorium. This year's executive is as follows:

President: Bob Clayton
 Vice-President: Rosabel McAvoy
 Recording Secretary: Anna Clayton
 Corresponding Secretary: June Bragg
 Treasurer: Mary Wells



GIRLS' CLUB

Back Row: M. Hutcheson, M. Hendershott, B. Kitchen, M. Bowman, P. Graham, M. Riste, N. Fleischer, S. Jackson, S. Deadman, J. Brown, G. Thornton.

Second Row: S. Thompson, P. Caskey, M. Leslie, A. Douglas, M. Gordon, M. Smith, E. Davis, B. Ritchie.

Front Row: B. Brooks, M. Johnston, W. White, Miss M. Bray, J. Bain, M. Murtha, E. Jackson, D. Paquette.

Publicity: Alvin McNab and

Clarence Showers

Press Reporter: Ronald Watts

Staff Advisor: Mr. R. Froud

Sponsor: Mr. A. Gillott

The meetings include Bible studies and missionary films, along with choruses, hymns, and other musical numbers. A regular prayer meeting is held in Room 210 on Monday at 12:00 noon. During the year this organization enjoys visiting with other groups at rallies and conferences.

Social activities include frequent parties and volleyball games and close with a brief time of fellowship together on God's word.

The I.S.C.F. services the First Aid Room as a practical contribution to the school life.

Trumpet Trot

Early in the fall, talk of red blazers among the newly formed girls' band, led to a dance on September 30 to raise funds. Held in the gym decorated by Lois Sutton, Suzanne Pow and Lois Boles, the bare walls cleverly covered with autographed drums and trumpets, the dance began. The music of the girls' band echoing through the hall led the dancers in a grand march. Mr. Kitching as "M.C." kept things hopping. Re-

freshments were arranged by Barb. Perry, Helen Cunningham and Bette Thompson. Prizes for the many novelty dances were chosen by Nancy Fleischer, Mary Jane Grothier and Marjo Johnston. Bob Scott won the lucky draw. Joanne Milburn and Irene Couch were in charge of music.

To Mr. Turner go the laurels for the time and effort spent with this group.

Girls' Club

With the organization of the Girls' Club, the following officers were elected:

Honorary President—Mrs. E. P. Hodgins

President—Judy Bain

Vice-President—Wilma White

Secretary—Margaret Murtha

Treasurer—Marjo Johnston

Staff Advisor—Miss Bray

A Tea Dance to entertain the Stratford Rugby Team following their defeat was under the sponsorship of this club. When the Christmas Season rolls around each year you will find these representatives busily selling the smart school Christmas cards.

* * *

A mother hen was scolding one of her chickens and said, "Why if your father could see you now he'd turn over in his grave."



ORCHESTRA

Back Row: L. Branch, E. Clark, R. Wilker, T. Oleksiuk, J. Gardan, B. Blair, K. Westbrook, M. Shontz, A. Turner, P. Froser.

Seated: J. Parsons, J. Markle, M. Woodall, Y. Patter, Miss Kellerman, J., Greenly E. Polanico, C. Honke, D. J. Schell.

Orchestra

Our school orchestra has been operating again this year in full swing under Miss Kellerman's leadership, and the membership has reached eighteen. It has been playing for us at the regular weekly assemblies, and special occasions such as Memorial Service and Literary meetings. Their repertoire was increased in the fall with the purchase of a new set of music. The executive was as follows:

President—Ernest Clark
Attendance Secretary—Margaret Woodall

Pianist—Yvonne Potter
Organist—Joyce Greenly

The orchestra was augmented this year by three violinists, two trumpeters, and a horn player. Orchestra members are always very welcome contributors to our assemblies.

Glee Club

The W.C.I. Glee Club is heard frequently in the school. It is not a compulsory organization but one which invites all those who enjoy singing to come and blend their voices under Miss Kellerman's capable direction. They spend many long hours rehearsing for the Operetta and other events but they always enjoy themselves. This year's officers are:

President—Douglas Hancock
Secretary—Thelma Squires
Treasurer—Mary Hendershott
Librarian—Don West
Pianist—Pat Young
Organist—Joyce Greenly

* * *

Teacher: "How would you ask a girl for a dance."

Paul: "Come on worm let's wiggle."



JOYCE GREENLY
Organist



MUSIC CLUB EXECUTIVE

Back Row: Dan West, T. Squires, D. Hancock, M. Hendershott, E. Clark.

Front Row: M. Woodall, E. Potter, Miss E. Kellerman, P. Young, J. Greenly, J. Martin.

Rugby Dance

The conclusion of the Rugby season saw a dance in the school gym. Under the soft glow of the lights of the large Christmas tree couples danced to the music of Bob Yohn and his orchestra. Coach Young presented the team members with their sweaters which the boys stood in the corner for the rest of the evening. Decorations were done by the Rugby boys. Winners of the various spot dances were: Ruth Bowyer and Tom Kays; Barbara Johnston and George Douglas; Joan McGregor and Sid Tatham; Barbara Hawkins and Bob Smith; Marilyn Shantz and Roy Beatty. Prizes were donated by city merchants.

Sadie Hawkins Dance

In a streamer-filled gym decorated by the Girls' Athletic Society, under the watch-

ful eyes of familiar Dogpatch characters, many a good-natured fellow was passed from one femme to another.

In the atmosphere of Ivan Palmer's records, Dick Treleaven, sporting a Zulu man with a weiner mouth, chiclet teeth, beaming nose, dog-biscuit eyes and straw hair walked away with top honours for his original creation made by Evelyn Nixon. The judges were Messrs. Turner, Kitching, Hodgins, and Miss Cameron. With Mr. C. Kitching as Master of Ceremonies dance prizes were won by: Eugene Henhawk and Shirley South; Ken Thomson and Grace Thornton; Pat Young and Buz Cousins; Don Ogden and Marilyn Beck; Elgin Baker and Wilhemina George. The dance was well-attended by students and ex-students alike and much credit is due Mrs. S. Valiant and her committees for making the dance a success.

Baskateen

As compensation for the students after five weary nights of homework, Baskateen arrives providing basketball and dancing for the teen-agers. Ivan Palmer's recorder is used weekly, and Ivan deserves much credit.

October 29 found black cats and witches, contrived by Marilyn Shantz and crew, haunting the gym for the Annual Hallowe'en Hop. A very effective House of Horrors brought screams from many a brave female who ventured through its agonies.

With tables and chairs converting the gym into a Cabaret on December 3, the weekly Baskateen crowd gathered for an evening of dancing and entertainment by Ernie Hewitt and his Rhythm Boys. Cokes and sandwiches were served informally by singing waiters.

On January 21, Baskateen held a contest for the form with the most students present. 12C were the lucky winners, thereby gaining free admission the following week for each member of the class. A Mystery Dance won by Barbara Fallowfield and Dick Aspinall was also a big item on the programme.

"Swing your partner and promenade home" was the call resounding from the gym on February 4 as teen-agers clad in plaid shirts and jeans gathered for a square dance. There were a number of spot dances and Mac Logan won a size 42 suit of underwear.

A chorus line of eight girls in derbies provided the entertainment on February 11. More skits and acts are to follow so come on out and join in the fun.

Commencement

The excellent standards of our school were again held high as the Annual Commencement exercises were held on November 25, with a much shorter program.

Following the remarks of Mr. E. J. Pow, the chairman, the Collegiate Girls' Choir, featuring the Ritchie sisters, favoured the capacity crowd with two numbers. Miss Verna McComb sang "If God Left Only You", and "The Little Irish Girl."

Speakers on the platform presenting the awards were Mrs. J. A. Wallace, Board of Education; Mr. D. M. Bishop, Board of Education; Mr. Fred Hamilton, Principal of Guelph Collegiate; and Mr. Frank Smith, Chairman of the Suburban Board. Mr. W. J. Salter presented the special prizes.

The Rotary Scholarship was presented to George Webster by Mr. R. Clowes, President of the Woodstock Rotary Club. Frank Tabor received the Sound Crew prize from Mr. S. Smith, CKOX.

Marion Fry, Janeen Waring and Hugh McGillicuddy were presented with I.O.D.E. scholarships by Mrs. N. S. Douglas, Regent of Admiral Vansittart Chapter. Barbara Gorrie won the Wingate Raiders, I.O.D.E. Scholarship. Mr. W. T. Zeigler presented the Normal School scholarship to June Bragg. Ruth Ross won the University of Western Ontario scholarship which was presented by D. W. Scott, Principal of Stratford Collegiate.

Woodstock had the honour of having two Carter Scholarship winners — Janet Towle and Ruth Ross.

Elgin Baker, Bruce Cunningham, Sid Squires, Ruth Ross, Douglas Hancock, Janeen Waring, Mary McCutchen and Edward Wladyka received honour pins.



Refreshment
arrives



JUNIOR PUBLIC SPEAKING



Joyce Murray, Peter Tillich.

Junior Public Speaking

Speaking on the "History of the Automobile", Joyce Murray again captured top honours for the girls' contest.

Runner-up was Elizabeth Carr-Harris who had "Witchcraft in England" as her topic.

The other contestants and their subjects were: Nila Schultz — Queen Victoria; Kathryn Lucas—History of Modern Music; Mary Roszell — Anaesthetics; and Caryl Childs—Tibet.

Peter Tillich entertained on his accordion. The judges were Miss B. Dent, Mrs. E. Ferguson, and Mrs. G. H. Bailey.

John White and Co. donated the \$5.00 prize to the winner and Sawtell Bros. were the donors of the \$3.00 award.

"Reforestation in Canada" won the boys' prize for Peter Tillich of 10B. Bob Clark, speaking on "What Happened at Dieppe", was the runner-up.

Other opponents were Bruce Tuck — Once in a Lifetime; Arthur Turner—Jet Propulsion; Jim Hazel—Development of Railways; and Homer McAvoy—The Man Who Gave Us Printing.

Byrnes Fleuty, accompanied on the piano by Joanne Milburn, favoured the group with two solos.

Donors were Hon. D. M. Sutherland—\$5.00 and Mr. J. R. Young—\$3.00.

Judges were Mrs. G. Gibson, Mr. F. Leslie, and Mr. G. Bennett.

The timers for both contests were P. Ferris and C. Linnell.

The Senior Girls' and Boys' Public Speaking Contest

The combination of the Senior Girls' and Boys' Public Speaking Contests on Tuesday, February 21, provided a very worthwhile and entertaining afternoon for the senior students.

Mr. Hiltz, the genial chairman and organizer of Public Speaking in the W.C.I., addressed the audience briefly and then called upon the various speakers.

Marion Bass came first speaking on "Mark Twain", with an impromptu on "The World is Getting Smaller". Jean Conlin, giving her prepared address on "General Eisenhower", ranked third. Her impromptu was on the "Family Doctor".

Evelyn Bond came second with her topic, "We As Canadians". Her impromptu was on "Extra Curricular Activities".

Dave Dewan and Ronald Hulse upheld the male section of the school, Dave speaking upon his Tour of New York, "City of Cities", and Ron upon "Communism". The impromptu was for the former "Going to the Dentist" and for the latter "Is It Better to Live In A Large or Small City?" Ron came first and Dave second.

Our judges of the day were Reverend J. V. McNeely, Mr. E. Bennett and Mr. Vern Ross. While judges were making a decision, two vocal solos were rendered by Burns Fleuty, accompanied by Joanne Milburn.

SOUND CREW



F. Tabor, J. Lawrence, R. Hulse, D. Cole, Capt. Kneeling: G. Pauli.



JUNIOR RED CROSS

Back Row: B. Lee, W. White, Tom Oleksiuk, O. Tucker, D. Korn, M. Scott.

Second Row: B. Thrower, M. Gordon, M. Wolfe, P. Coskey, M. Jackson, E. Korn, M. Clayton, J. Kerr, D. Metcalf, B. Sidebottom.

Seated: J. Forden, J. Bornard, J. Martin, Mrs. Johnson, G. Ritchie, P. Crosby, J. Conlon.

Junior Red Cross

On October 24, a number of students met for the purpose of re-organizing the Junior Red Cross. Judy Bain was in charge of the meeting. The following executive was elected for the year:

Honorary President: Mrs. J. A. Wallace

President: Grace Ritchie

Vice-President: Patricia Crosby

Secretary: June Martin

Treasurer: Joan Barnard

Advisor: Mrs. Johnson

At school dances, Community Concerts and Little Theatre plays, the girls of the Red Cross are busily engaged in looking after cloak-rooms. In this way money is raised to help support the Provincial Red Cross as well as to assist in some way students of the Collegiate who have to spend many months in the hospital.

Operetta

This year once again the singers of the school are "in the thick of rehearsals" for their Operetta, "YEOMAN OF THE GUARD" under the able direction of Miss E. Kellerman with Mr. C. H. Kitching as dramatic director.

The plot finds Colonel Fairfax (Douglas Hancock) in prison because he is believed to be a worker in Black Magic whereas he

is really a student of alchemy. Sergeant Meryll, of the Yeoman of the Guard, (Robert Roi) and his daughter Phoebe (Thelma Squires) wish for his reprieve to come, the first reason being because Fairfax had saved Meryll's life previously and the second because Fairfax is a handsome young man. When no reprieve comes with Leonard (Don West), Sgt. Meryll's son, Fairfax is enabled to escape and poses as Leonard.

Meanwhile Elsie Maynard (Ruthe Patton) strolling to town with Jack Point (Raymond Chute) is blindfolded, and she and Fairfax are secretly married. When she learns of his escape she and Wilfred Shadbolt (Tom Oleksiuk) upon whom the blame will fall, are alarmed. Dame Carruthers (Rosemarie Chute), housekeeper of the tower; Sir Richard Cholmondeley (Ernest Clark) Lieutenant of the tower; and Kate (Joan McCrindle) are quite upset. Wilfred claims he shot Fairfax.

In these conditions, Fairfax (as Leonard) falls in love with Elsie Maynard and she with him. On their wedding day Fairfax's reprieve arrives, and when Elsie learns that her husband is still alive she is sad as she loves Leonard. However, she discovers Leonard to be Fairfax, her own love, and all are very happy.

Costumes are from Mallabar's. Special acknowledgement should go to:
Wardrobe — Misses M. Broadley and D. Jackson.

Make-up—Miss H. Dunlop and staff members
Ushers—Mr. E. Berry

Scenery and Properties — Miss B. McKim,
Messrs. Blair and Branch, Jim Willis,
John McGinnis, Richard Baxter, David
McDonald, George Newell, Clifford Blair.

Stage Management—Mr. K. C. Hiltz, Miss H.
Dunlop

Lighting—Mr. L. Cordick, Don Cole, Frank
Tabor, Glenn Pauli, Ron Hulse, John
Lawrence.

Business Management—Miss M. Bray, Mr.
E. Ferguson, Joyce Ross, Joe Kovacs,
George Stevenson.

ALUMNI

Stratford Normal School:

Helen Campbell, Margaret Knudsen,
Elsie Schell, Jean Schell.

Ovendon College, Barrie:

Daphne Cross.

Woodstock General Hospital:

Marion Fry, Pansy Nicholson, Marion
Ross, Alva Rudy.

Brantford General Hospital:

Barbara Gorrie.

Western Reserve, Cleveland:

Doris Kitching.

Waterloo College:

Patsy Parker.

Western University:

Ruth Ross, Eleanor Smith, Janeen
Waring, Spencer Chambers, Donald
Keith, Donald Murray, George Pierce.

Toronto University:

Betty Swartz, John Coles, Howard
Greenly, Donald Kitching, Charles
Knechtel, George Webster.

McMaster University:

Janet Towle, Hugh McGillicuddy.

St. Joseph's Hospital, London:

Marilyn Schell.

Standard Tube Office:

Edward Gloin, David Crittenden.

Schell Industries, Office:

Phyllis Kennedy, Gordon Mansell.

Ryerson Institute of Technology:

Kenneth Doig.

Ontario Agricultural College:

Willard Karn, Clare Hartley.

Sentinel-Review:

Bob Bowman

James Stewart Co.

Claire Tomlinson, Lino Odorico

Humberside Collegiate, Toronto

Doug Philpott.

Westervelt, London:

Tom Kays, Joe McKeowen.

Harvey Knit Office:

Jean Bradnam.

Bell Telephone Co.:

Pat Brewster, Dorothy Garbutt, John
Skinner.

Hay & Co., Office:

Helen Davis.

CKOX, Woodstock:

Donald Nash.

Vance Construction Co., Office:

Eleanor Romp.

Dominion Store, Woodstock:

Joe Matika.

Married:

Jeanne Ferguson, Clara Eltom.

* * *

Teacher: "Jim, name a great time
saver?"

Jim Douglas: "Love at first sight."

D. J. McClellan

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92 DUNDAS ST.

LONDON, ONTARIO



BOYS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

Standing, Back Row: J. Kaakla, B. McPherson, B. Haycock, W. Barnett, Bill Howe, T. Roberts, G. Ransome.
Second Row: M. Farrill, P. Buck, D. Bingeman, J. Watson, F. Jerger, K. McLead, G. Russell, D. Thornton, B. Paw, T. Chattington.
Seated: B. Berlette, D. Taylor, Mr. Young, Ed. Wladyka, Pres.; B. Fleuty, Vice-Pres.; G. Tadd, B. McDonald.

*genuine
joy*

School Spirit

Is school spirit the contagious enthusiasm that reigns throughout the school before a rugby or basketball game?—Perhaps. Is school spirit the thought of alarm that runs through the student prior to exams?—Maybe. Or still further, is it the general feeling or attitude existing among both the students and teachers of the collegiate? The last question seems to be arriving closer to the mark. School spirit can not be attributed to any one subject. It is the actual life of the school.

From our observations we realize that school spirit is a very flexible subject. It may be good or it may be bad, but its presence is always known. It can make or break a school.

Good spirit in a school is shown in many ways. The athletic teams provide one means, whether they win or lose. School societies are another means of showing school spirit. More important still is the academic prowess of the students. But the most important, that by which a school is judged, is the character of the men and women who are elevated from its halls.

Bruce Cunningham, 13

W.O.S.S.A. Tennis

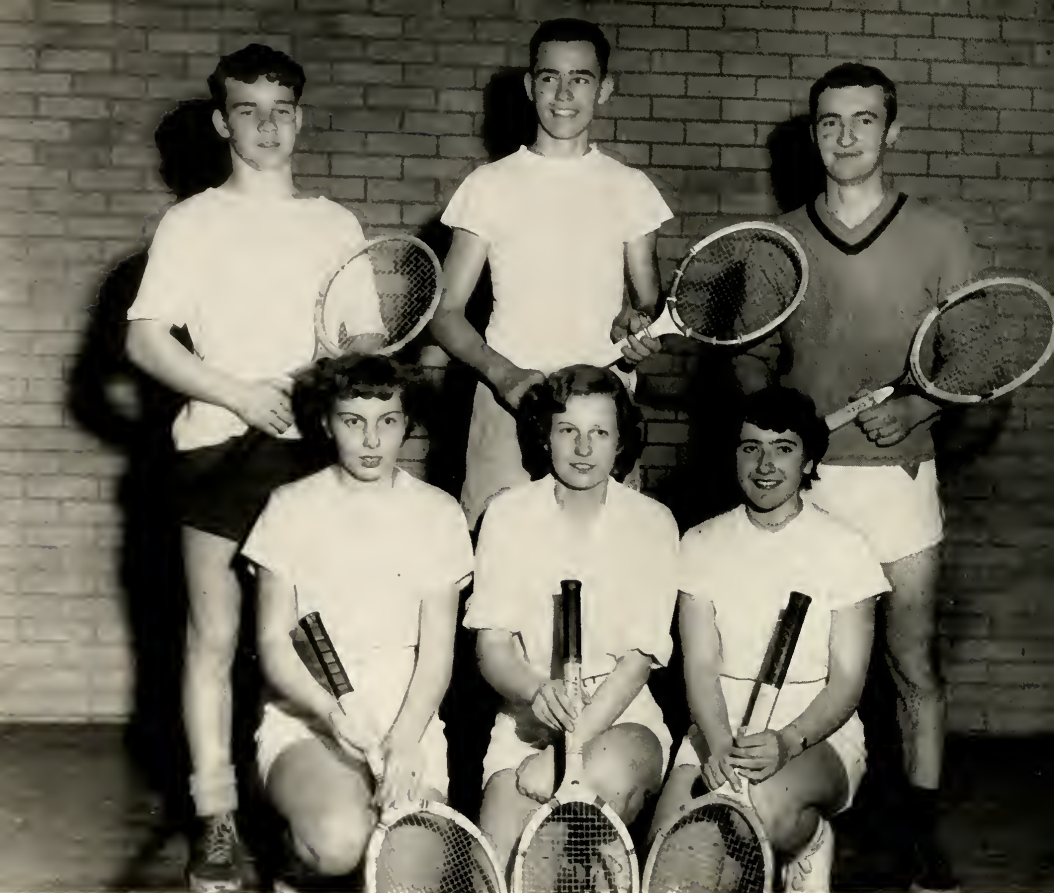
Jim and George Douglas deserve credit for the splendid job they did in representing our collegiate at the W.O.S.S.A. Tennis tournament held in St. Thomas. They easily put down all opposition and brought themselves into the semi-finals. Our boys put up a gallant fight but were edged out by the Paterson Collegiate team which took the championship.

Our school was well represented in the mixed doubles by Dan Gayner and Joanne Milburn. Joanne and Dan although not reaching the semi-finals played well until suppressed by a London South Collegiate team. They succeeded, however, in defeating a St. Thomas team to win the Consolation.

It seems a little more support could be given to W.O.S.S.A. tennis. Tennis is an individual sport and our school has turned out many a champ, so let's get interested and get behind tennis full swing next year.

* * *

"If you try to kiss me, I'll call mother."
 "What's the matter with your father?"
 "Oh, he isn't as deaf as mother is."



W.O.S.S.A. TENNIS

Back Row: J. Douglas, G. Douglas, D. Gaynor.

Front Row: J. Milburn, A. Hepworth, B. Johnston.

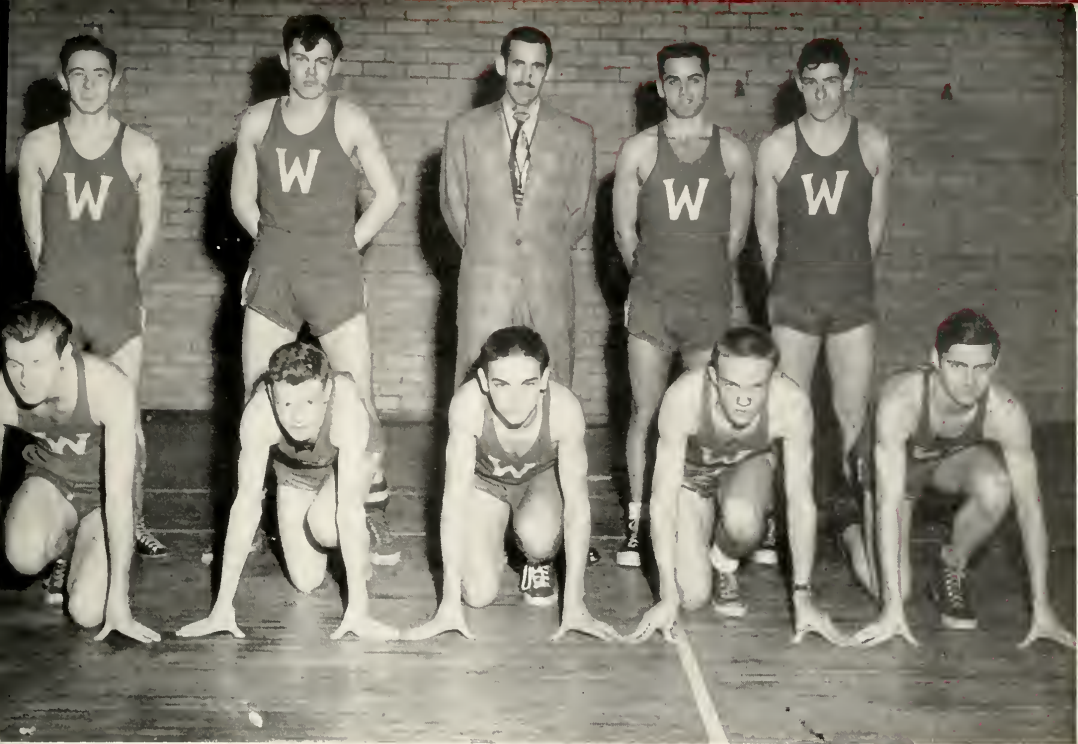
W.O.S.S.A. Tennis

The W.C.I. owes great credit to Barb Johnston and Aveleigh Hepworth for the honour they brought to Woodstock by winning the W.O.S.S.A. championship. Barb and Aveleigh had little trouble in taking the first three games against Brantford, Kennedy in Windsor, and Ridgetown. Although Woodstock came out victorious in the last game,

they had a tough time defeating the capable players of St. Thomas.

The mixed doubles team was composed of Joanne Milburn and Dan Gaynor. They played an excellent game but were edged out by a few points to lose to Windsor.

Besides the W.O.S.S.A. tennis we will also run an intramural tennis tournament for which the winner of the singles and doubles will be awarded a large W.C.I. crest.



W.O.S.S.A. TRACK TEAM

Back Row: D. Thornton, R. Hulse, Mr. Young, B. Fleuty, D. Cole.

Front Row: A. Murray, G. Tadd, B. Danos, B. Taylor, J. Poole.

Track and Field

"Better do some wind sprints. I'll time you a lap. Try some practice starts. On your mark, get set, GO!!" So speaketh Coach Young in the Spring when the Red Devils track team spring training gets under way. The boys, for the most part, trained hard for the W.O.S.S.A. track meet held at Little Memorial Stadium in London in May.

Coach Young took a large team of seniors for several events running as follows:

Todd—One-half mile; Taylor—100 and 220 yards; Murray—One-quarter mile, Fleuty—One-half mile and Coles—100 and 220 yards.

Intermediates were: Danos—hurdles and 100 yards. Thornton—One-half mile; Poole—Running Broad and 100 yards.

Ron Hulse placed fourth in the senior mile to get the only point of the day for Woodstock. Reaching the semi-finals were Murray, Danos and Thornton, while Poole showed up well in the field events. Track and field, having just been reorganized, is starting to hold its own in the school and is showing increasing popularity. A track meet in the Spring should assist the Coach to choose competitors for the coming W.O.S.S.A. meet. Let's see all you fellows, who don't know what you are good at, come out and make our 1950 track team the best yet.

* * *

Baker: "My father is a doctor. I can be sick for nothing."

Cook: "That's nothing. My father's a minister. I can be good for nothing."



BOYS' FIELD DAY CHAMPS

Back Row: D. Taylor, J. Poole, J. O'Bright, M. Kowolchuk.

Front Row: O. Tucker, B. Knack, L. Von Sotin, J. Anderson.

Tabloid Meet

Although not used as a field day meet before at W.C.I., the tabloid meet of 1949 was a success even though it rained.

For a tabloid meet a number of events are chosen and standards are set for 2 and 1 Points.

Events this year were:

100 yd. dash, baseball throw, rugby throw, high jump, shot put, broad jump, and rope climb.

The Class to get the highest score was 9D, with 97 points.

Individual Winners were as follows:

Senior—Don Taylor and John Poole with 12 points each.

Grade 10—Jack O'Bright and Mervin Kowolchuk with perfect scores 14 points each.

Grade 9—Bruck Knack, Lloyd Van Santin, Olin Tucker, John Anderson, and Jim Nichols all with 13 points.

Well over 200 boys competed.

In the spring the winners and any others with ability will have a chance to compete in the meet in which the W.C.I. track and field team will be chosen.

The Collegiate Curling Club

Sponsored by The Woodstock Curling Club

The 1950 season began well with six full rinks curling every Monday and Friday afternoon.

The skips H. Foster, W. Taylor, J. Miller, R. Rowe, G. Stevenson, J. Watson all have their share of "old-timers" and beginners. At the time of this publication R. Rowe is leading the league by three wins.

Mr. Al Lawrason has generously donated a cup to be presented to the winning team at the season's end. The fees are to be spent on individual prizes for the players of the top rinks.

W. Taylor was elected president with I. Palmer and R. Rowe as Vice-Pres. and Secy. Treas. respectively.

This year promises to be very successful and the officers of the club wish to express their thanks to Mr. J. G. Dunlop whose assistance and interest made the club possible.

W.O.S.S.A. Badminton

Although Badminton is a minor sport in our hall of learning, the W.C.I. has been well represented in W.O.S.S. for years. The boys and girls who enter W.O.S.S.A. badminton do so on their own and have no assistance from the school whatsoever. It is time something was done about this.

Early last March our school was ably represented by Don Murray and Howard Ransom at the W.O.S.S.A. meet held at Beal Technical School in London. Competition was very stiff but our boys easily fought their way to the Semi-finals. After a thrilling match they emerged victorious over Stratford to move into the finals. Top honour came in two straight games defeating Riverside Collegiate to the tune of 15-0 and 15-8 bringing the Senior boys' doubles' trophy back to Woodstock again.

In the mixed doubles Pete Ferguson and Aveleigh Hepworth fought their way into the semi-finals in which they were beaten by a Stratford Team.

This year Woodstock will be represented again in W.O.S.S.A. badminton and it is to be hoped they will again be successful. Good luck.

Intermural Rugby

Championships

Heavy Weight—Charlie Whitehead's Team

Players—Charlie Whitehead (captain), Ray Webster, Jack O'Bright, Jack Davis, Joe Halinaty, Ken Thompson, Reg. Thompson, Bill McDonald, Howard McDonald, George Powell, Dick Baskette, James Carnwath, Jerry Ransom, Tom Oleksuk, Jack Todd, Bob Davis.

140 lb. Class—Bob Collin's Team

Players—Bob Collins (captain), D. Yeoman, J. Saunders, B. Birtch, Ron Wells, T. Yeoman, B. McArthur, Bruce Henderson, R. Dorken, B. Howe, B. Scott, D. Hall, J. Watson, B. Carson, M. Carter.

110 lb. Class—Bob Pow's Team

Players—Bob Pow (captain), Buzz Bidwell, Wayne Milburn, Murray Shantz, Shorty Berlette, Harold Chesley, George Acres, John Pember, Bob Laurie, Dick Bowman, Fred McGregor, Bob Parson, Bill Pletch, Stevie Werry, Bob Murray, Doug Lavin, Bob Clark.

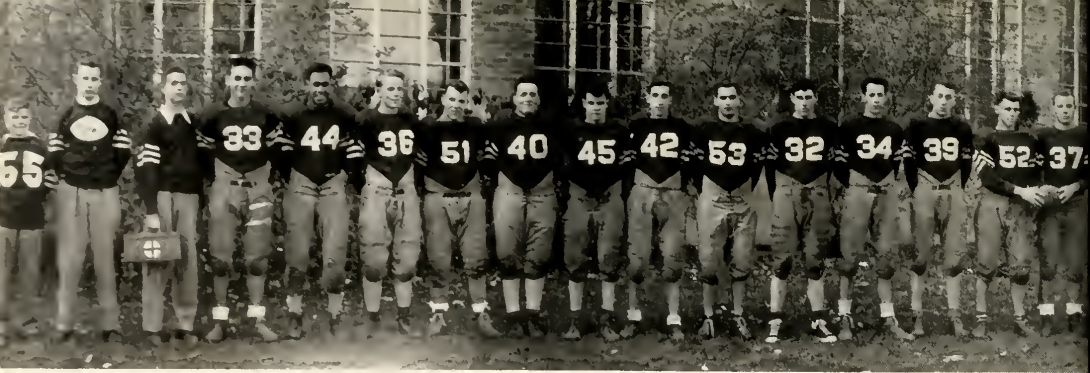
A new method of interform rugby was successfully tried out this year (1949) in which the teams were divided into weight classes. Some excellent games were witnessed and a good spirit has been created through interform sports such as rugby, so let's see you boys get on the teams and play better than ever before. Remember there is no shame in being cut from a lineup if you have a good team spirit.

W.O.S.S.A. BADMINTON CHAMPIONS



Back Row: D. Murray, Howard Ransome, Pete Ferguson.

Front Row: Daphne Cross, Pat Brewster, Aveleigh Hepworth.



SENIOR W.O.S.S.A. RUGBY TEAM

G. Brown, R. Beattie, G. MacKenzie, B. Danos, B. Blair, B. Cunningham, R. Totten, D. Karn, J. Douglas, B. Moore, B. Fleuty, D. Cole, H. Ransom, J. Axelrod, K. Clynick and E. Wladyka, Co-Captains.

Interform Volleyball

Championships
Senior—12C
Grade 10—10B
Grade 9—9D

A new sport introduced in W.C.I. this year in the form of volleyball proved to be very interesting. At first the game was judged as a child's game, but as the term went on volleyball gained in popularity throughout the school. As a game of skill it ranks around the top.

An all-star team was chosen by coach Young and they played the business men of the city who have an excellent team. Defeat was accepted but the W.C.I. team succeeded in winning one game.

The teachers of the school have been inspired by the spirit of the pupils and are organizing a teachers' volleyball team. We pupils expect to see a good example set by our superiors.

The Red Devils of 1949

Co-Captain Quarterback—Ed Wladyka—"Big Ed" was a triple threat back with booming kicks, accurate passing and hard running. He often carried the ball into enemy ground.

Co-Captain Flying wing—Ken Clynick—"Clem" rough and ready at all times spear-headed our attacks with his blocking, tackling and plunging.

Full Back—Bob Danos—"Dope" proved vital to our scoring power by his speedy end

runs and accurate passes. His defensive tackling proved him to be a stalwart player.

Half—Pete Poole—"Pete" carried the ball through the line for regular gains. He always played a hard driving game.

Half—Don Taylor—"Ace's" sensational runs and driving tackles were featured in his regular game. His spirit added vim to the team at all times.

Centre—Bob Blair—"Curly" offensively played a driving game. Defensively Bob broke up play after play.

Inside—Ron Totten—"Tony" along with "Goose" made huge holes on the right side of the line for the driving backs. The team is expecting great things from him next year.

Inside—Byrnes Fleuty—"Fritz" sparkled on defense breaking up many line plays. He proved to be a steady player on offense also.

Middle—Jack Axelrod—"Goose" was the sixth man in the enemies' backfield, breaking up many of their hopes of gaining yards. He also played a driving offensive game.

Middle—Bob Lefler—"Tubby" although light, is classed as one of our best line men. With a little weight he should be a hard man next year.

End — George Douglas — "Mutt" the second high scorer with his glue fingers nabbed many long passes. Defensively he was a constant threat with his hard tackles.



SENIOR W.O.S.S.A. RUGBY TEAM

G. Douglas, P. Ferguson, S. Wallace, D. Taylor, A. Murray, C. Thomson, P. Poole, J. Poole,
B. Lefler, G. Todd, A. Smith, J. Carnworth, E. Baker, Mr. Young, Cooch, Mr. Hodgins

End—George Todd—"Jeff" the smaller half of the combination was also glue fingered when passes were to be caught. His shoe string tackling proved an asset to the team.

Flying Wing - Quarterback—Jim Douglas—"Chummy" filling in at two jobs was the spirit of the club as well as a brilliant player.

Quarterback — Howard Ransom — "Howie" in his first year did a good job of calling plays. He also proved a good passer and kicker.

Flying Wing—Al Murray—"Al" came up with many a fine run and good block. Next year we expect him to shine.

Full Back—Peter Ferguson—"Pete" was a top notch kicker and a good runner this year. His kicking should feature his game next year.

Half Back—Jack O'Bright—Jack was a hard runner. In his first year of W.O.S.S.A. he looked like a valuable back for next year.

Half Back—Jack Chisnall—Jack proved his worth as a good back fielder this year. We will miss him next year.

Centre—Bruce Cunningham—"Creeper" played a strong game at all times and ably held up the centre of the line.

Inside—Don Cole—Don in his first year of W.O.S.S.A., was our touch-down lineman and played a good game offensively and defensively.

Inside—Albert Smith—"Al" used his weight to advantage both offensively and defensively. See you next year Al.

Middle—Stan Wallace—Stan in his first season of rugby played a very good game along the line.

Middle—Don Karn—Don was the man with the weight and was a great asset to the line.

End—John Poole—"Johnny" was a good tackler and made several nice runs while in action.

End—Bob Moore—Bob ably held up the other end of the line by playing well at all times.

Half—Grant Thompson—Grant should prove a good back-fielder next year judging from the little action he saw this year.

End—Charlie Whitehead—Charlie must be given much credit for keeping up the morale of the team and for coming to practices although seeing action only once.

Cheer Leaders — Judy Bain, Joanne Metherall, Joan Sutton, Doreen Palmer, Marilyn Free—Many thanks goes to you from the team for your support and congratulations for winning the Cheer Leaders Cup for our school.

Managers, Trainer, Water Boy — Roy Beatty, Elgin Baker, Andrew MacKenzie, Junior Brown, supplied invaluable aid to the team by keeping it and its equipment ready for action.

For the Crowd—We, the team were glad to see the great number of supporters this year as it does much to spur us on. Much obliged!

Statistician—James Carnworth—"Jimmy" did an excellent job of recording all our games this last year.

London Beck Downs Red Devils 10 - 6

A pre-season game with London's Sir Adam Beck gave Coach Young a chance to see the material he had to work with this year. Although playing well all the time the Red Devils were out scored by 4 points.

In the first few minutes of play Ferguson kicked for a single point. Beck tallied with a major. This rather riled our boys as could be seen, and they started to play. However, Beck succeeded in getting another unconverted touchdown.

In the last half of the game Woodstock kept the ball most of the time. George Douglas got the only major for our boys in the last half making a brilliant catch. However, he proved his ability as an end all during the season.

Tackling a bit too low Bob Danos received two chipped teeth, but played on till the accident was noticed and he was taken out. Although out-weighted considerably, the Red Devils' front line held up exceedingly well.

St. Jeromes Defeat W.C.I. Team 30 - 1

Fumbles can be blamed directly for the loss of this first league game which the Red Devils played in St. Jeromes. For three periods of the game our boys had a good chance of defeating the highly regarded Green and Yellows. According to statistics the Red and White fumbled 13 times and recovered twice. Pass defense was also a weak point.

To say much about such a game is difficult. Along the line the first stringers seemed to be making holes only to have the ball fumbled or the wrong man take it. Fleuty, Taylor and Clynick were outstanding for W.C.I. breaking through and making many tackles. For a young and green team our fellows did alright, and, if injuries hadn't taken Wladyka and Fleuty, the W.C.I. gridders might have made the score a little different. It is to be hoped that improvement in all departments will be made before the boys play their next game. Eddy kicked the only point for the Red and White in the first quarter, and only trailing 6-1 at the end of the 3rd quarter a score of 30-1 was not foreseen.

Red Devils Down Simcoe 11 - 5

Paced by big Eddy who scored 11 points, the Red Devils defeated Simcoe for

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LEADING
THEATRE



CAPITOL

their third consecutive win. 260 yards in penalties were handed out and 2 touch downs were not counted which made a very dull game for the spectators.

The first major for the Red Devils was a long flat pass to Wladyka who went over standing up. After intercepting a pass Danos ran the ball for 60 yards. Another pass to Wladyka scored the second major. With Danos and Wladyka playing extremely well a strong passing team seemed to be developing. Eddy got the 11th point for the Red and White. Taylor and Jim Douglas made some driving run-backs, while the boys along the line certainly did a fine job of holding out the Blue and White.

Red Devils Wallop Stratford 30 - 5

Ramming over three touch downs in the first quarter, the Red Devils easily whipped their life-long rivals again. A fumble picked up by Clynick accounted for the 1st major. A pass Danos to Douglas net the next 5 points. A long drive up the field set big Ed up to go over on a quarter sneak standing up. He converted himself. Five minutes later a pass from Ed to Clynick brought the third tally, and with Douglas converting the Red Devils took a comfortable 17 - 0 lead.

A dash around the end by Hesson net Stratford their only major. In the 3rd and 4th quarters Woodstock pushed their hereditary rivals all over the field. Two good kicks by Wladyka brought 2 points. Don Taylor walked over for another major from the 2 yard line. Stratford's line was literally crumbled.

Red Devils Trounce Stratford 16 - 0

At the end of the half the score was W.C.I. 0—S.C.I. 0. An inspiring little talk by Coach Young seemed to add new life to the team and they went on the field in a fighting mood. Danos intercepted a pass and ran 66 yards for the opening major. Shortly after this a fake kick by Eddy and a beautiful hand off to Danos sent him around the end for another 5 points. Big Eddy kicked a single at the start of the 4th quarter which started the boys rolling again. A pass, Danos to Douglas, scored the final major. Douglas was all over the field and with Clynick on the other end excellent tackling was carried on.

Along the line Lefler, Fleuty, Totten and Axelrod made terrific holes.

The final major was somewhat of a standout in the game in that Wladyka, although covered by two Strats, climbed after a long pass from Danos, caught it with one hand, pulled it down and romped over. Chummy converted. The whole front line was outstanding, Lefler, Fleuty, Totten, Axelrod, Douglas and Clynick pulverising Stratford's line with hard blocks and rugged tackles.

Red Devils Overtake Simcoe To Win 22 - 10

After the first 10 minutes of the game in which Jacques and Lindsay scored for Simcoe on an interception and a fumble, the Woodstock crew became organized and the game was one sided thereafter. Hard driving bucks through good holes by Clynick, Taylor and Poole set Eddy up to drive over for a 5 point start. Taylor successfully converted for another point.

In the second quarter Clynick succeeded in blocking a kick which bounced over the touch line and was fallen on by Don Coles for a second five. An interception by Clynick who ran for 25 yards, net the third major. Taylor again drop kicked for the

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extra point. A forty yard pass from Wladyka to Douglas accounted for the final score. Murray, Totten, Coles, Axelrod and Fleuty played well along the line with Coles playing 1st string inside and Fleuty moving over to Lefler's spot. Lefler was hurt in practice and unable to play.

Red Devils Ousted by St. Jerome's 19 - 5

After piling up victories over Stratford and Simcoe the Red Devils went down to a rough St. Jerome's team who became group champions and runners up for the purple bowl. In the first few minutes of play St. Jerome's opened up with a passing attack that net them their only scores. After the first half Woodstock went to the air and proved that had they done so sooner they might have defeated the green and gold. Taylor's run-backs were something out of this world, at one time smashing through the whole St. Jerome's team running the ball about 40 yards. Eddy crashed over for the only major and ran the ball many times netting good gains.

A passing attack which completely bewildered St. Jeromes proved very dangerous at times but Mutt and Jeff, Douglas and Todd at ends just couldn't get over the goal line. Snaring passes galore, these two boys were stand outs during the game. Fleuty, Taylor and Lefler came up with the only injuries but kept in there fighting all the time. Blair, Totten and Axelrod bothered St. Jeromes considerably.

A total of 55 passes were thrown throughout the game, 37 of them by Woodstock. The Red Devils completed 15 for a

gain of 170 yards while St. Jeromes tossed 18, completing 11 and gaining 204 yards.

A gallant losing display by the Woodstock Collegiate Red Devils proved that it's better to be a good loser than a poor winner. Playing a particularly blood thirsty team the Red Devils finished their season, by playing their best game.

Memorial Service

On November 10 at 2.30 p.m. the students, dressed in school uniforms, assembled in the auditorium for the Annual Memorial Service. Dr. R. C. Wallace, President and Vice-Chancellor of Queen's University, who was our guest speaker, gave a very forceful and stirring address based on our duty to the ever remembered dead. "After every war there is an aftermath of dissension and restlessness and the duty of everyone is to understand his neighbours better." The speaker emphasized "that we in our generation cannot hope to transform the world, but by a more charitable understanding of other people, we can help to remember those who didn't count the cost but gave the one thing they held dearest." Max McGee, at the console of the memorial organ gave us a stirring rendition of, "Andante Cantabile." The soloist, Miss Myrtle Waterland, sang "There Is No Death."

Following this programme, the students, led by flag bearers Roy Beatty and Elgin Baker, filed silently to the main hall where Barbara Johnson and Judy Bain decorated the Memorial Plaque with flowers. Reveille and the Last Post were sounded by Bugler Wilfred Manning.

A great tribute was paid to the Woodstock Collegiate when Principal Wallace stated informally after the service that ours was the most impressive service he had ever attended.

Table Tennis

Something new has been added to W.C.I.'s competition list. The tournament will be held in school sometime in February.

There will be winners for singles and doubles. These winners will receive beautiful crests and also gain points toward their large Honour "W".



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Ed. Wladyka, Jack Corbett, George Tadd, Bob Moore, Roy Beatty.

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Swimming

A swimming meet will be held sometime in late January at the Y.M.C.A. The winner will be awarded a beautiful swimming crest and will also receive 20 points which will aid in the necessary 85 to obtain a large Honour "W".

* * *

Murray Shantz (to telephone operator):
"Why can't you get me the zoo?"
Operator: "The lion is busy."

When Wilma White got on a crowded bus, Junior Brown started to get up. But Wilma pushed him back in the seat and said she preferred to stand. Again Junior tried to get up and again she pushed him back. Finally Junior yelled, "Now listen lady! I passed my stop two blocks back—let me out."

* * *

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SENIOR BOYS' W.O.S.S.A. BASKETBALL

Don Taylor, Capt., Bruce Cunningham, Byrnes Fleuty, Jack O'Bright, Ed Wladyka, Geo. Douglas, Charles Whitehead, Ray Webster, Bob Davey, Mr. J. Young, Coach

W.O.S.S.A. Basketball

Exhibition Games

	Jr.	Sr.
Woodstock vs. Tillsonburg at Tillsonburg	9-22	23-27
Woodstock vs. Tillsonburg at Woodstock	17-17	22-30
Woodstock vs. St. Thomas at Woodstock	10-51	43-37
Woodstock vs. St. Thomas at St. Thomas	21-22	28-35

W.O.S.S.A.

Woodstock vs. Simcoe at Woodstock	27-27	34-10
Woodstock vs. Stratford at Stratford	37-33	43-41
Woodstock vs. St. Jeromes at Woodstock	24-30	36-53

Seniors

Woodstock vs. Simcoe

Winning by a good margin the W.C.I. Red Devils basketball team defeated Simcoe to the tune of 34-10. Paced by Wladyka's first quarter sprint the boys played a very progressive game. Simcoe seemed lost when the Red and White started to use some of their plays.

Shooting from the right corner Eddy put three in within about 3 minutes. Bob Davey and Bruce Cunningham led the scoring from that time on. Bruce missed quite a few shots in the first three quarters of the game but made up for that in the last quarter. He sank 9 points in the last quarter to take the high scoring position in the game. This game was not as thrilling as the junior one but it was a better game for Woodstock.



JUNIOR BOYS' W.O.S.S.A. BASKETBALL

J. Davey, Capt., G. Brown, D. Sutherland, J. Carnwath, B. Carson, D. Ogden, B. White, K. McLeod M. Hall, L. Berg, Mr. Young, Coach.

Scoring Chart

	Points
Cunningham	13
Wladyka	10
Davey	9
Douglas	2

Woodstock vs. Stratford

Wladyka and Taylor starred the seniors to a 43-41 victory over the Stratford cagers. Eddy potted 15 points with Taylor close behind netting 13. Bruce Cunningham was a steady player with 9 points. Bob Davey looked good sinking 6 points and playing hard throughout the game. George Douglas was fouled out early in the game and did not see much action. In the final quarter Davey and Cunningham were also put out. This left only Eddy and Taylor on the floor to uphold the first string. Webster, O'Bright

and Whitehead went on to finish out the game.

In the last minute of the game Wladyka tried a long shot and sank it. This gave us a lead of one basket. Stratford tallied with a basket and they looked very strong, but, another long shot from centre by Wladyka ended the game with a lead of one basket and 2 points.

Ace Taylor deserves credit for the way he plays with his knee in a brace. He was a great asset to the team, boosting its moral and its score. Good work, fellows, it was a tough game and a good one.

Score Chart

	Points
Wladyka	15
Taylor	13
Cunningham	9
Davey	6

Woodstock vs. St. Jeromes

High scorer and a steady player shiftly Bruce Cunningham again sank the most points for the Red Devils. He potted 13 points with Bob Danos next in line with 7. St. Jeromes however were too good for our boys and with Karai sinking 21 points they defeated the Red Devils 53-36. Ace Taylor and Wladyka played hard with Douglas and O'Bright netting 5 points between them. This score was not too one sided and the next game is to be looked forward to. The Devils shooting seemed off and they could not keep the Saints in check. A thrilling game was witnessed with no one put off because of five fowls.

Score Chart	Points
Cunningham	13
Danos	7
Wladyka	6
Taylor	5
Douglas	3
O'Bright	2

Junior

Woodstock vs. St. Jeromes

With Sutherland absent because of a broken arm the Juniors put up a good battle against a not too strong St. Jeromes team. Only four men scored for the St. Jeromes team while six of the Red Devils potted points. Bob White was the most aggressive netting 8 points while McLeod was right behind with 6. Woodstock's shooting was off but they played hard to come out on the bottom end of a 30-24 score.

Score Chart	Points
White	8
McLeod	6
Davey	4
Hampson	3
Ogden	2
Berg	1

Woodstock vs. Stratford

The juniors played the first game winning by a thin margin of 4 points. Some fine shooting on the part of Jim Davey saved the day for our boys. A good game was witnessed and one which might have gone either way. With 4 fouls called on him in the first few minutes Jim played the rest of

the game without being fouled out. Sutherland and McLeod played steadily also with Hampson getting those rebounds pretty well. A few weak points were brought out but it is hoped that they will be corrected before the St. Jerome's game. Don Ogden played a progressive game with some good shooting.

Scoring Chart	Points
Davey	9
Sutherland	8
McLeod	4
Hampson	6
Ogden	6
White	4

Woodstock vs. Simcoe

Jim Davey started the local juniors to a 27-27 tie with a strong will and good shooting. Sutherland and McLeod were strong but missed quite a few shots. An exciting game was witnessed and everyone went home satisfied. Hampson played well, potting 6 points. Our juniors look pretty good this year, and a good deal is expected of them. Ahead pretty well throughout the game, our boys let Simcoe out-score them in the third quarter and although they played hard for that extra point in the final quarter Simcoe held on.

Score Chart	Points
Davey	10
Sutherland	7
Hampson	6
McLeod	4

Interform Basketball

Interform basketball is getting under way and it appears that grades 12 and 13 are going to have a very close season.

The grade nines have as yet played little basketball but are learning the fundamentals in P. T. periods.

To judge the winners now would be unwise, so we must wait and be patient. As the Oracle goes to bed before the season is over, champions cannot be named.

* * *

Mother (to young son who's deep under the covers): "Who didn't hang up his clothes before he went to bed?"

Young Son: "Adam."



GIRLS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

Back Row: H. Ure, C. Coles, J. Metherell, A. Hepworth, B. Murray, D. McAlpine, E. Miekle.

Second Row: C. Cape, M. Goulding, S. Haugego, E. Ritchie, L. Reed, S. Richardson, B. Kitchen, J. Sutton, A. Douglas.

First Row: J. Ross, N. Strickler, L. Culbert, Mrs. S. Valliant, B. Johnston, L. Tatham, M. Bin.

Girls' Sports

Girls' Athletics

Under the leadership of Mrs. Sasha Valliant the W.C.I. has developed a broad P. T. curriculum for girls.

In the fall we started out with the usual Field Day activities and a softball interform tournament, followed shortly by volleyball in which we had exciting competition. A novelty was introduced in November when we had Mrs. Sullivan play the piano for rhythmnics classes.

January was started with class periods and interform basketball.

March and April will be devoted to gymnastics and general activities, the latter being a new addition to the curriculum. The term "general activities" means work on the horse, buck, box, rings, wall bars and mats.

Grades 11, 12, and 13 will have class instruction in badminton, and those wishing to enter the tournament will be able to do so.

In the latter part of spring Mrs. Valliant will introduce two new games to the girls—speedball and field ball.

In the extra-curricular programme we have the interform class competition and tournaments mentioned above, and are introducing 3 new activities, table tennis, swimming, and tumbling.

Considering all the new and old activities let us hope that we will have several winners of the large Honour W's.

Volleyball Interform

This year the winning team of volleyball was 11B. They had a team par-excellence and used a great deal of team work.

The captain of 11B was Dollene Paquette who along with some of the other outstanding players was on the W.O.S.S.A. team.

With great spirits and high hopes 11B came out on top to win the championship.

Softball

Softball has added something new in the way of girls' interform sports this year. All the classes participated in keen competition, with 11B coming out victorious. Everyone enjoyed those games at noon and we hope to have them again next year.



SENIOR GIRLS' W.O.S.S.A. BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to Right, Back Row: B. Johnston, D. Robinson, L. Boles, Mrs. S. Valliant.
Front Row: M. Johnston, M. Smith, J. Kerr, J. Milburn, D. Paquette, E. Woods, A. Hepworth.

W.O.S.S.A. Basketball

Coach—Mrs. Sasha Valliant.

She did a great job with this year's team having only three players with experience. She is an excellent basketball player herself, and passes on to us many suggestions.

This year, for the first time, the W.C.I. entered two W.O.S.S.A. Basketball teams, the Junior and Senior teams. Unfortunately this magazine is going into print before our W.O.S.S.A. games begin; thus we will be unable to let you know how Woodstock made out in the new league. This league consists of Brantford, Simcoe, Tillsonburg and Woodstock.

January 17 was our first try, an exhibition game with Ingersoll. The final score was Seniors—Ingersoll 18 - Woodstock 40. The Junior game was not such a great success but considering that they are Juniors

they did very well. Ingersoll 18 - Woodstock 10.

Seniors

Captain—Joanne Milburn—"Jo" is the steadiest forward on the floor and seldom misses a basket. She is a great one at getting points.

Barb Johnston—An excellent forward whose passing and shooting are very precise. "Johnny" always ends up scoring many points.

Aveleigh Hepworth — "Gus" has a unique, double-hand-overhead shot which, no matter how well she's guarded (unless the guards are boxing up) always lands in the basket.

"Babe" Woods—Our smallest but fastest forward who when she breaks away from her guard really covers space. She is a lovely shot from the queerest places on the floor.



JUNIOR GIRLS' W.O.S.S.A. BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to Right, Back Row: A. Douglas, Mrs. S. Valliant, C. Coles, C. Lewis.
Front Row: D. Schell, J. Metherell, H. Cunningham, M. Wendling, B. Ogden.

Dollene Paquette—Being the tallest guard Dollene was certainly an asset to our team. "Biby" becomes very excited but the more excited she gets the better game she plays.

Dorothy Robinson—Rough and tough and our fastest guard, Dot is always indispensable to our team. "You've done a good job 'Tarzan'."

Marjo Johnston—Marjo is one of our most capable guards. Although she is having a tough time remembering to guard "her" zones, Jojo never fails to guard very well "her" forward.

June Kerr—Small but diligent, June has always tried very hard and thus succeeded in being a good guard.

Marie Smith—Marie was the first guard, who without any trouble learned properly the method of zone guarding. All the credit must be given to "Smitty" as a reliable guard.

Lois Boles—Lois started as a forward, but was not very happy in this position. After talking it over with Mrs. Valliant she decided to be a guard. (Could it be that she was talked into it?)

Juniors

Joanne Metherell, Helen Cunningham, Barb Ogden, Mary Joan Wendling, Joan Ayling and Anne Douglas are the forwards of our Junior team.

They have learned a great deal and we are sure they will learn even more as they go on.



W.O.S.S.A. VOLLEYBALL

Left to Right, Back Row: Mrs. S. Valliant, E. Jackson, B. Thompson, S. Thompson, L. Cocker, A. Hepworth, J. Leslie, B. Korges, C. Colvin.
Frant Row: J. Metherell, E. Woods, D. Paquette, D. Robinson, L. Boles.

Carol Lewis, Carolyne Coles, and Dorothy Jean Schell are our guards.

Although they have no substitute they have done very well so far.

Let us hope that they will all be on the Senior team in the near future.

Assistant coaches:

Ed. Wladyka and Don Taylor.

W.O.S.S.A. Volleyball

At the beginning of the new year, practices for the Volleyball W.O.S.S.A. began and Mrs. Valliant had to mold many inexperienced recruits into an effective team.

The team consisted of thirteen players with Betty Thompson as manager, Barbara Karges and Joan Ayling as score keepers.

In the front row we had the indispensable spikers, captain Dollene Paquette and Aveleigh Hepworth. Assisting them were the very capable players, Colleen Colvin,

Lois Boles, and Devona Paquette. In the middle row, along with our best jumper Joanne Metherell, we had Joan Leslie, who never failed to pick up a spike. With Joanne and Joan, there were Sandra Thompson and Lois Cocker, who were two of the steadiest girls on the team.

In the back row we had our smallest, but one of our strongest players, Babe Woods, who never failed to return the ball over the net. There was also, Dorothy Robinson, who played as well at the back as she did at the net.

Last but not least, was our server, Eleanore Jackson. Eleanore was such a steady player that even the final score of our first game, 42-11 did not excite her. Being the server she moved all over the floor, playing excellently in each position. Unfortunately, two of our very capable players, Devona Paquette and Dorothy Nettleton, suffered from injuries before the game, and were unable to play.



W.C.I. CHEERLEADERS

J. Sutton, G. Thornton, D. Palmer, J. Bain, J. Metherell, M. Free.

Coach: Mrs. Sasha Valliant. Her high spirits and new ideas have brought enthusiasm to our team.

After many gruelling months we proceeded to our W.O.S.S.A. volleyball games in London. The first game with London Central was fast-moving and the team work was perfect. Our morale was boosted as the final score was 42-11 for Woodstock.

Mr. Box, who runs W.O.S.S.A. volleyball, had his own schedule and no team knew whom they were playing next, whether they won or lost.

Although our spirits were then high, they were soon exhausted, because we next came up against the Stratford team, who were the champions. Woodstock played a hard gruelling game, but were defeated by the champions in the end.

With our spirits low, we then proceeded to play Exeter, who also had a very capable team. With the news of rotation and the coming up of Stratford we lost to Exeter in the third game. The red and white girls came home tired and exhausted, coming fourth in the series.

Cheerleaders

Joan Sutton, Joanne Metherell, Doreen Palmer, Judy Bain, Grace Thornton, and Marilyn Free.

These cheerleaders displayed a fine showing this year with their antics and cheerleading and had the whole student body backing them. They originated a few new yells which were very effective.



11B FIELD DAY AND VOLLEYBALL CHAMPS

Left to Right, Back Row: P. Young, B. Perry, L. Boles, M. Longworth, J. Greenly.
Front Row: M. Smith, B. Nudd, A. Hepworth, D. Paquette, N. Corter, W. White, E. Woods.

Field Day

The Annual Field Day was held on September 28, 1949. The Day began as usual with a special parade, headed by the Boys' Bugle Band and Girls' Trumpet Band. The Costume prize was won by 11B as Men from Mars and the Yell was won by 12A. After the parade the girls' events were soon underway. There were 6 events:

1. Running broad jump.
2. Standing broad jump.
3. Basketball Speed ball.
4. Baseball distance throw.
5. 50 yard dash.
6. Base running.

The Senior title was won by June Kerr, 12A; runner up was Eleanore Jackson, C. Sp. The Intermediate Champ. was Aveleigh Hepworth, 11B; runner up Joanne Metherell, 10C; and Junior Champ was Barbara Start, 9D; runner up, Louise Webb, 9A. Owing to

the rain in the afternoon, the relays could not be carried on and were later held in the gym.

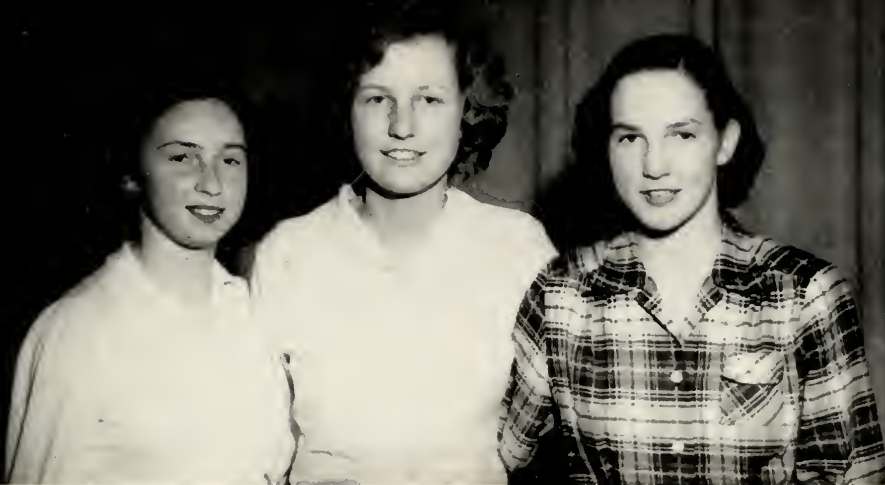
In the following events, every form was represented by one team.

1. Three-legged race.
2. Over and under race.
3. Potato bag race.
4. Pass and duck relay.
5. Shuttle relay.

All the girls very much enjoyed this meet, with its many different activities.

Awards

A new system of awards was brought forth this year by the Girls' Athletic Society. Large Honour W's will be awarded to students who attain 85 or more points; small W's to those receiving 50 or more points. The points will be determined by the number of crests that the individual will win, W.O.S.S.A. crests counting 15 points each, individual event winner's crests, 20 points.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC CHAMPS

June Kerr, Aveleigh Hepwarth, Barbara Start.

Athletic class winners (11B) and cheerleaders receive ten points each. Bars counting five points each will be awarded to each player in the class who won the following:

Interform

1. Field Day
2. Volleyball
3. Softball
4. Basketball

Individual Events

Swimming
Tennis
Table Tennis
Badminton
Field Day Champions

W.O.S.S.A. Events

Basketball
Volleyball
Tennis
Badminton

Since all the events have not taken place as yet we are not able to count all the points but so far Aveleigh Hepworth with 90 points is the sole winner of the large Honour W.

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BOYS' BUGLE BAND



GIRLS' TRUMPET BAND

Bugle Band

Under the leadership of Mr. Turner the W.C.I. Boys' Bugle Band put in a successful season during the spring and fall of '49. The band took part in the cadet church parade and inspection and was under the supervision of:

W.O. 1—Tom Kays

Sgt.—Ed. Wladyka

Cpls.—K. Doig and L. Branch

The Bugle Band also took part in the May 24th celebrations held in the city. When the school opened in September the band re-organized, donned their "gunny costumes" and led the school in their annual field day parade.

The band is looking towards a still greater year in 1950.

L. Branch, 13

The Girls' Trumpet Band

OFFICERS

President	-	-	Marjo Johnston
Vice-President	-	-	Isabel Mason
Secretary	-	-	Dorothy Nettleton
Treasurer	-	-	Doreen Otto

Just one year ago the Girls' Trumpet Band was organized by Mr. Turner. Within a matter of weeks the Band made its first appearance heading the Girls' Cadet Corps on the occasion of the Cadet Inspection.

Since that time the Girls' Trumpet Band has had many appearances. During the fall term the Band was a familiar sight at Rugby Games where stirring music and gay costumes gave a college atmosphere to these sporting events.

Early in the school year the Band sponsored the "Trumpet Trot" in order to raise money to buy Blazers.

With thirty-two active and enthusiastic members the Band is headed for great things.

Perhaps, a few years from now, when you are visiting the Canadian National Exhibition you will sit in the huge grandstand and watch a two-hour show put on by the outstanding bands of Canada and United States. As you sit there, a band led by a high-stepping Majorette will appear and you will be thrilled to hear the announcer shout — "The Woodstock Collegiate Girls' Trumpet Band."

Nancy Fleischer, 12A

Woodstock Collegiate Cadet Corps 1949

Two additions were made to the Instructional Staff of the Cadet Corps last September in the persons of Mr. R. Froud and Mr. K. Hilts. There are now nine, including Major Berry, Chief Instructor (administration and Officers' Training); Capt. Blair (signalling); Capt. Cordick (Q.M. Stores and First Aid); Mr. Froud (shooting); Mr. Hilts (shooting); Mr. Young (training); Mr. Turner (bands); Miss Burgess and Miss Cameron as able instructors of the Girls' Corps.

Sunday, May 15, saw the girls in their trim blue tunics, white blouses, and the boys, very military in their army uniforms, falling in for the annual parade to Central United Church. After an impressive service conducted by Rev. E. Robertson, Honorary Colonel H. N. Ubelacker took the salute on the main street.

The Annual Cadet Inspection followed on May 18, with Lieut. Col. C. Knechtel, the Boys' Bugle Band and the Girls' Trumpet Band leading the two corps to Victoria Park where they were inspected by Lieut. Col. G. Moogk and Party. A very good report was given by Lieut. D. C. Irwin. Exercises led by Jim Douglas and Barbara Johnston followed.

Then the battalion assembled and Lieut. Joan Leslie was awarded the prize for the best girls' squad, while Lieut. George Hindle received the boys' prize. Jack Corbett received the D.C.R.A. award for the best shot in the school, and Reg. Bailey got the A. W. Cole prize for the cadet showing the most improvement on the range. Master Cadet Badges went to: Lieut. Col. Knechtel; Maj. Squires; Maj. Baker; Maj. Cunningham; Hon. Lieut. Col. Ballantyne; Lieut. Karn; Capt. Scriver and Lieut. Atkinson.

The following were the officers and N.C.O.'s

Commanding Officer
Lieut. Col. Charles Knechtel

Second in Command
Cadet Major S. Squires

Adjutant

Cadet Capt. H. Scriver

Battalion Sgt. Major
Cadet Reg. Sgt. Major J. Douglas

Honorary Colonel

Cadet Lieut. Col. T. Ballantyne

A Company

Officer Commanding
Cadet Major B. Cunningham

Second in Command
Cadet Capt. C. Hartley

C.S.M.

Cadet Sgt. Major R. Dunlop

No. 1 Platoon

Cadet Lt. G. Hindle Cadet Sgt. G. Russell

No. 2 Platoon

Cadet Lt. E. Vance Cadet Sgt. E. Thornton

No. 3 Platoon

Cadet Lt. H. Tisdale Cadet Sgt. O. Culbert

Signal Corps

Cadet Lt. C. Atkinson Cadet Sgt. G. Pauli

B Company

Officer Commanding
Cadet Major E. Baker

Second in Command
Cadet Capt. W. West

C.S.M.

Cadet Sgt. Major D. Nash

No. 4 Platoon

Cadet Lieut. N. Nutt Cadet Sgt. R. Ingle

No. 5 Platoon

Cadet Lt. W. Karn Cadet Sgt. L. Melsom

No. 6 Platoon

Cadet Cadet
Lieut W. Matheson Sgt. R. Waterland

No. 7 Platoon

and Ambulance Corps

Cadet Lt. G. Douglas Cadet Sgt. J. Howe

Commanding Officer
Cadet Major Doris Kitching

Adjutant
Cadet Capt. Yvonne Mackie

Reg. Sgt. Major
Barbara Johnston

C Company

Officer Commanding
Cadet Capt. Mary McCutchen

C.S.M.

Cadet Sgt. Major Elizabeth Woods

No. 1 Platoon

Cadet Cadet
Lt. Mary Roberts Sgt. Marion King

No. 2 Platoon

Cadet Cadet
Lt. Norma Strickler Sgt. Wilhemina George

No. 3 Platoon

Cadet Cadet
Lt. Ruthe Tucker Sgt. Jean Conlin

No. 4 Platoon

Cadet Cadet
Lt. Lois Cocker Sgt. Norma Carter

No. 5 Platoon

Cadet Cadet
Lt. Marilyn Shantz Sgt. Joan McCrindle

D Company

Officer Commanding
Cadet Capt. Joyce Ross

C.S.M.

Cadet Sgt. Major Aveleigh Hepworth

No. 6 Platoon

Cadet Cadet
Lt. Devona Paquette Sgt. Judy Bain

No. 7 Platoon

Cadet Cadet
Lt. Joan Leslie Sgt. Marion Perry

No. 8 Platoon

Cadet Cadet
Lt. Marilyn Leslie Sgt. Wilma White

No. 9 Platoon

Cadet Cadet
Lt. Barbara Karges Sgt. Betty Kitchen

No. 10 Platoon

Cadet Cadet
Lt. Thelma Squires Sgt. Wilma Scott

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For a life of comradeship

join the Canadian Army

I Went To Banff

This phrase, so easily and quickly said is worthy of consideration for a few minutes. May I in briefest outline trace the pattern of an experiment in citizenship which the Cadet Services of Canada is conducting among our own Canadian youth.

The plan is this. Out of two hundred thousand Cadets, and several thousand C.S. of C. officers, one hundred and fifty Cadets and ten Officers are chosen to attend a summer training camp at Banff, Alta. for three weeks each year. Merit is the basis upon which the award is made.

The Cadets live in tents, four chosen from four different parts of Canada. Their equipment is the finest; their food is excellent; their hours of work and play are well divided.

Their training is under the guidance of the Canadian Army. There is enough discipline to make one respect oneself. This is immediately evident in the healthy pride of bearing which marks an R.C.A. Cadet. Under the guidance of some of the finest instructors in the land the boys are taught radio communications, first aid, living out of doors and off the country. First last and always personal cleanliness must be super-

lative.

The lesson in Citizenship is not in the curriculum; it is a spontaneous, yet contagious thing. For a day or two one sees on all sides a petty provincialism. French Canadian boys walk together; so do the Scotties from the West Coast. Before the end of the first week, LaPlante from Quebec, Shane from Ontario, McDonald from British Columbia are buddies; yes, they have even adopted for their leisure hours, Barbara from St. Louis, Bette from New Orleans, and Jean from Edmonton. (The girls were students at the Banff School of Fine Arts).

The days go by. Each hour that passes finds a new exchange of ideas, a new bond of friendship being developed. At the end of the day when the entries in this ledger of life are balanced out, there is a new dividend declared for Canada. And all the time they work and play beneath the shadow of God's most spectacular handiwork. No person can live in that land and not feel the impact of a guiding hand, more lasting and more powerful than mortal's. A new concept of christian life comes to him who climbs the side of Mt. Eisenhower, or walks amid the wastes of Yoho, or pats the nose of old Joe—our mountain sheep.

Capt. Stan Blair

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COMPLIMENTS
OF
NASH'S LUNCH

Mr. Runnalls: "What happens when the human body is submerged in water?"
Don Karn: "The phone rings."

* * *

Don Shewan was sitting on a train opposite an old, old woman. For a while he chewed his gum in silence, then the elderly lady leaned forward "It's so nice of you to try to make conversation," she said, "But I must tell you that I'm stone deaf."

Lois Cocker: "Hey you're sitting on some jokes I cut out."

Marg. Murtha: "I thought I felt something funny."

* * *

Stevenson: "Why is the stop light red?"

J. Ross: "I don't know, why?"

Stevenson: "You would be too, if you had to change in the middle of the street."

Woodstock Meat Market

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379 DUNDAS ST.

PHONE 204

Mr. Johnson: "Why should we try to prevent war?"

Lib. Tatham: "It makes too much history."

* * *

Devona Paquette (a young motorist): "It's snowing and sleeting and I'd like to buy some chains for my tires."

Storekeeper: "I'm sorry—we keep only groceries."

Devona: "How annoying! I understood this was a chain store."

Joe: "What engines shall we use?"

Bloe: "Oh, Diesel do."

* * *

Clem C. (in hospital after breaking arm): "Nurse, will I be able to play the violin when I recover?"

Nurse: "Of course, your injuries aren't serious."

Clem: "That's funny, I couldn't play before I came in."

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"Neals"

PHONE 3

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Lad: "Say gramp, how do they catch crazy men?"

Grandad: "That's easy. They use a little rouge and lipstick, a cunnin' hair-do and a pretty dress."

* * *

Barber: "You say you've been here before? I don't remember your face."

Customer: "Probably not, it's healed up now."

Barbara Thrower and Russel Harwood were discussing their "Kith and Kin."

Russel asked if he could Kith her. Barbara replied—You Kin.

* * *

Sign outside a power station:

DANGER! To touch thes wires means instant death. Anyone disregarding this notice will be arrested.

* * *

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Clark Bowman

George, Bob and Bill lived on the twenty-fifth floor of an apartment building. One day the elevator was out of order, so they had to walk up the stairs to their apartment. To pass the time, they decided that George would sing a song, Bob would tell a joke and Bill would tell a sad story. They were on the twenty-fourth flight of stairs, when it was Bill's turn, and all he said was, "I forgot the key."

Little boy: "Half a peck of potatoes with eyes, please."

Grocer: "Why with eyes?"

Little boy: "Mother says they'll have to see us through the rest of the week."

"What would you say if I asked you to marry me?"

"Nothing, I can't laugh and talk at the same time."

Doug: "Will you marry me?"

Lola: "No!!"

Doug: "Aw c'mon, be a support."

Salesman: "I've been trying to see you all week. When may I make an appointment?"

Manager: "Make a date with my secretary."

Salesman: "I did that and we had a grand time, but I still want to see you."

Dorothy: "Did you hear about the soldier who marched all day and moved only two feet?"

Marjo: "No, how did that happen?"

Dorothy: "He only had two feet."

Daffy-nitions

Rush hour: When traffic is at a standstill.

Minor Operation: One performed on somebody else.

Corn on the cob: The stuff you eat like you play a mouth organ.

Happiness: That peculiar sensation you acquire when you are too tired to be miserable.

A station wagon is something a city person buys when he moves to the country so the country people will know he's from the city.

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Miss Cameron: "Charles, this absence excuse doesn't look like your father's handwriting."

Charlie W: "It should, I used his fountain pen."

Bob Moore: "Did you hear about the railroad man's daughter?"

Clem Clinic: "Plain loco and no motive?"

* * *

* * *

Babe Woods (at the board in History): "Mr. Johnson, I just thought of something."

Class laughs.

Mr. Johnson: "The class seems to be as surprised as you are."

* * *

He: "I found a half dollar on your bed."

Him: "That's my sleeping quarters."

* * *

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405 DUNDAS ST.

Have you noticed how the girls on the beach run for cover when it starts to rain? With those bathing suits they can't take a chance on shrinkage!

* * *

Traffic-cop: "What's the idea of parking in front of the Fire Hall?"

Nancy F: "Well it says right there on that sign 'Fine for parking'."

* * *

Teacher: "My lips have never uttered a lie."

Student: "I know you talk through your nose."

* * *

Olen T: "I was out with a nurse last night."

Lloyd G: "Pretty soon your mother will let you go out alone."

* * *

Phone 170

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Totten: (Putting the saddle on the horse)

Lefler: "Getting your saddle on backwards aren't you?"

Totten: "That's all you know. You don't even know which way I'm going."

. . .

Pat Young: "Do you like codfish balls?"

Marie Smith: "I don't know. I've never been to one."

. . .

Two young students were parked along a country lane. The moon was shining beautifully.

Dolleen P: "You remind me of Don Juan."

Herb P: "What do you know about him? He's dead."

Dolleen: "Yeah, I know!"

. . .

Students of W.C.I. have christened one of the drinking fountains in the school "Old Facefull."

. . .

W. B. ROWE

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PHONE 241

COR. WELLINGTON and MARY STS.

An "Oldie"

I went to a Hardware store, and got a
wooden whistle
But it wooden whistle.
I took it back and got a steel whistle
But it steel wooden whistle.
I took it back and got a tin whistle.
Boy, tin I whistle!

* * *

"Darling," sighed the enraptured young
man, "when I think that to-morrow is your
birthday, and when I think that I didn't
know you a year ago . . ."

"Sweetheart," murmured his darling
"don't let's talk about the past, let's talk
about the present."

* * *

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Mr. Van Sickle to Don Thornton.
"Son if you subtract 3X from 4X2 what is the difference?"

Don T: "That's what I say, who cares."

* * *

Teacher: "What member of animal kingdom am I?"

Student: "Well it's hard to say—Mom says you're an old crow, but Dad says you're an old buzzard."

* * *

A Teacher of the W.C.I. was riding down Dundas Street and a policeman raised his hand for her to stop. She did not stop in a hurry and rode down the street a little farther before stopping.

Policeman: "Don't you know what I mean when I put my hand up like that?"

Teacher: "I ought to I've taught school for over 25 years."

* * *

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PHONE 31



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* * *

Ernest Clark: "Let me have some winter underwear."

Clerk: "Yes, sir. How long do you want them?"

Ernest: "Just until this cold spell is over."

* * *

I've got a suit made of awning material. Now every time the sun goes down, my pants roll up.

* * *

"Betty told me that she is marrying a second lieutenant."

"Yes, the first one got away."

* * *

FOOD - RITE RESTAURANT



407 Dundas Street



Ice Cream

Dinners

Lunches

"Did you hear about the lady who was married four times? Her first husband was a millionaire, the second a famous actor, her third a well-known minister and the last an undertaker."

"I see, one for the money, two for the show, three to get ready and four to go."

* * *

Most fleas will never amount to anything. The majority of them end up going to the dogs.

* * *

A woman may put on a riding habit and never go riding, she may put on a bathing suit and never go swimming—but when she puts on a wedding gown she means business.

* * *

Chummy: "I have an electrical wife."

Bibby: "What do you mean?"

Chummy: "Everything she has on is charged."

* * *

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. . . .

Baby sittin' is wrongly written.
With baby squawking,
It's mostly walking.

. . . .

Mr. Blair: "What's a Grecian urn?"
Pupil: "That all depends on what he
does."

. . . .

"What is college bred, Pop?"
"College bread is a four-year loaf made
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. . . .

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Bob Yohn, Prop.

The Straw That

There was a young lady named Bin,
Who was so exceedingly thin,
That when she essayed
To drink lemonade
She slipped through the straw and fell in.

* * *

Teacher: "And what is a synonym,
Willie?"

Willie: "A synonym is a word that you
use when you can't spell the other one."

* * *

1st dope: "I can't sleep at nights."

2nd dope: "Lie on the window sill and
you'll soon drop off."

* * *

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* * *

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* * *

Grapefruit: A thing that manages to get itself into the public eye without the aid of newspapers.

Allan Scott stepping up to the bus as it stopped, said to the driver: "Well Noah, you finally got here! Is the Ark full?"

Driver: "No, we need one more monkey, come on in."

* * *

Pete Poole: "Next to a beautiful girl, what do you consider the most interesting thing in the world?"

Ron Hulse: "Brother when I'm next to a beautiful girl I don't bother with statistics."

* * *

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A census-taker was making the rounds and asked a hillbilly how many children he had.

"Four," came the answer firmly. "And that's all I'm going to have too."

"Why so emphatic" asked the census-taker.

"I aint forgettin what I read in the almanac. It said there that every fifth child born is a Chinaman."

. . . .

Ed W. (looking out the rear window at the taxi jammed into the back of Roy Beattie's car.) "Gee Roy, I'm glad you told me to watch. I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

. . . .

Bobby Moore's girl friend met her friend whom she hadn't seen in forty years and said:

"Pat, so much has happened since I last saw you. I have had my teeth out, and stove and refrigerator put in."

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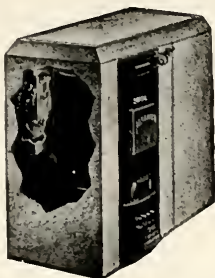
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Chinese Talk

Nice night in June
Stars shine, big moon.
In park, on bench
With girl in clench
Me say, me love
She coo, like dove.
Wedding bells, ring, ring.
Honeymoon, everything.
Settled down, married life.
Happy man, Happy wife.
'Nother night in June.
Stars shine, big moon.
Ain't Happy, no more.
Carry baby, walk floor,
Wife mad, she fuss,
Me mad, me cuss.
Life one big spat.
Nagging wife,
Bawling brat,
Realize at last
Me too darn fast.

I have often wondered what became of my predecessor," said the newly arrived missionary to the cannibal.

"Oh," replied the cannibal, "he has gone into the interior!"

* * *

Mr. Runnalls (giving a lecture on gravity): "Now, students, it is the law of gravitation that keeps us on this earth."

Little Bobby Moore: "Please, sir, how did we stick before the law was passed?"

* * *

Father: "And there, son, you have the story of the Great War."

Son: "Yes, Dad, but why did they need all the other soldiers?"

* * *

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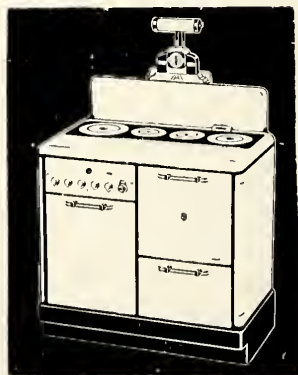
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Teacher: "What is the most outstanding product that chemistry has given to the world?"

Grace T: "Blondes!"

* * *

JoAnne: "Mummy, is it true that before people are born they're dust?"

Mother: "Yes, dear."

JoAnne: "And when they die they go back to dust?"

Mother: "Yes, dear."

JoAnne: "Well, I looked under my bed just now, and there's somebody either coming or going."

* * *

Three old men were discussing the ideal way of dying. The first, aged 75 said he'd like to crash in a car going 80 miles an hour. The second, 85 said he'd take his finish in a 400 m.p.m. plane. "I've got a better idea," said the third, aged 95, "I'd like to be shot by a jealous husband."

* * *

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The newly married couple stopped in a local restaurant and after their meal a waiter asked: "Is there anything else?"

"Yes," replied the bridegroom, "bring us a honeymoon salad."

"Beg your pardon sir," said the waiter, "But what is a honeymoon salad?"

"Lettuce alone."

* * *

Gord S: "Once I loved a girl and she made a fool of me."

Bob Carter: "My what a lasting impression some girls make."

* * *

"The sausages you sent me were meat at one end and Bread crumbs at the other", complained Irene S. "I know" replied the butcher, "But in these hard times it's impossible to make both ends meat."

* * *

Little Peter Julian had come home from his first day at school when his anxious mother met him at the door: "Well, well, dear, and how do you like school?"

"Closed." was the infant's only reply.

* * *

Barb B: "That is a pretty dress you have on."

Bunt K: "Yes, I wear it only to teas."

Barb B: "Whom?"

* * *

"Why haven't you mended the holes in these socks?" he demanded.

"You didn't buy that fur coat I wanted," replied his wife. "So I figured if you didn't give a wrap, I didn't give a darn."

* * *

Joyce M: "What's worse than raining cats and dogs?"

Irene S: "Hailing streets cars and buses."

* * *

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* * *

Donnie Taylor: "Why is a girl like a bungalow?"

Eddie Wladyka: "Because she is painted in front, shingled behind, and has nothing in her attic."

* * *

Proud Mother: "Yes, he is a year old now, and he has been walking since he was eight months old."

Bored Visitor: "Really? He must be awfully tired."

* * *

Sunday school teacher: "All who want to go to Heaven, put up your hands."

Albert Smith was the only one who didn't put up his hand.

Sunday school teacher: "Why don't you want to go?"

Albert: "My mother told me to go straight home after Sunday School."

* * *

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Wood Mosaic Ltd.

Bob Lefler (addressing village resident):
"What's your speed limit through here?"

Ron Totten: "We don't have any. You guys can't go through here fast enough to suit us."

* * *

Ten Little Students

Ten little students feeling fit and fine
One played hockey
And then there were nine.
Nine little students waiting for their fate
One failed to do his French
And then there were eight.
Eight little students waiting to go to heaven
One tried a new experiment
and then there were seven.
Seven little students plays lots of tricks
One got a detention
And then there were six.
Six little students studying a Langstroth hive
One got stung by a bee
And then there were five.
Five little students tracking up the floor
Mr. Hodgins caught one
And then there were four.
Four little students bright as they can be
One forgot to come to school
And then there were three.
Three little students don't know what to do
One broke a window
And then there were two.
Two little students loving life and fun
One forgot his Latin detentions
And then there was one.
One little student basking in the sun
He drank some Kerosene
And then there were none.

Evelyn Lawler, 10B

* * *

"What are you studying in college now?" asked the fond mother of her son, who was a freshman.

"We have just taken up molecules."

"That's fine. I hope you will like them. I always tried to get your father to wear one, but he couldn't keep it in his eye."

* * *

Mr. Young: "Unselfishness means going without something you need, voluntarily. Can you give me an example of that?"

Jim Mundy: "Yes, sometimes I go without a bath when I need one."

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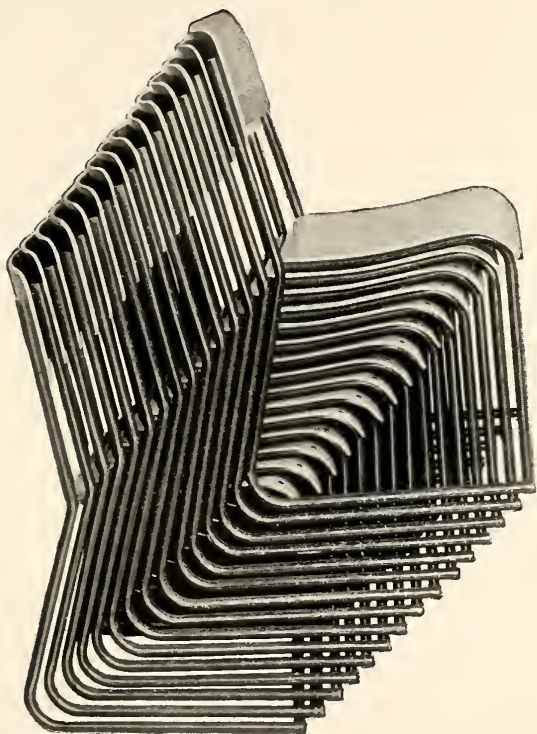
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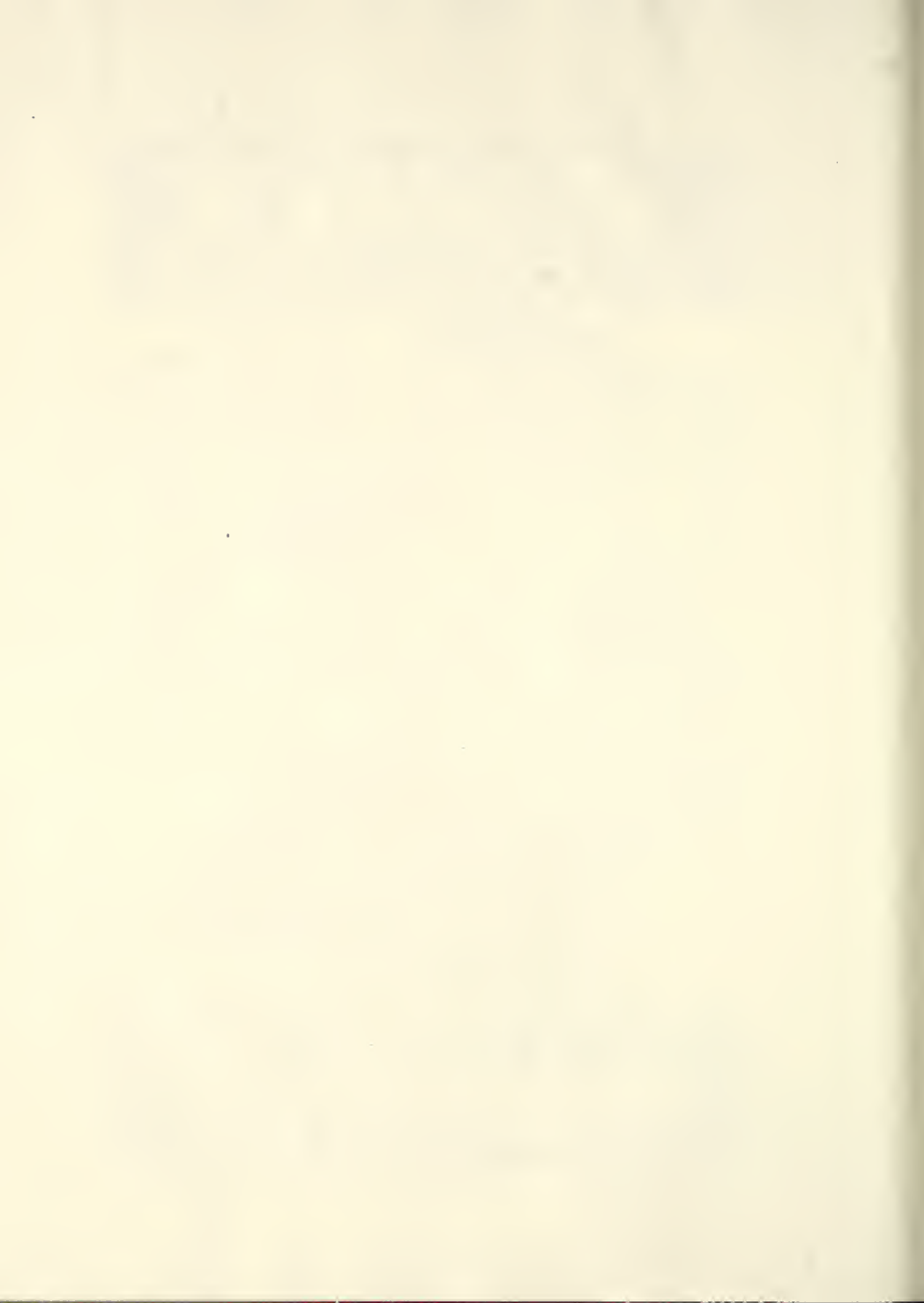
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